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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Staccato.

AN American *impresario* has just beaten the record in regard to the cheap running of an opera company. He has been lately taking it round in a district well-nigh beyond the bounds of American civilisation, and exceptional economy had therefore to be practised. To such an extent, in fact, did he cut down expenses that at one time, as the ingenious manager has confessed to the inevitable interviewer, his chorus consisted of but one solitary member. "But how could one vocalist sing a chorus?" inquired the puzzled reporter. "Well, you see," returned the *impresario*, "when once he went on I made him sing the various parts in the chorus one after another. So it came to the same thing for the audience in the end. They had every note of the chorus before he had done."

THE Chicago people seem to have a peculiar musical taste, if it be true that as an encore for the mad music in Donizetti's "Lucia" they insisted upon Madame Patti singing "Home, sweet home." The anomaly of a demented heroine warbling "Home, sweet home," directly after she has murdered her husband is perfectly delicious.

"A TOOTER."—A rich but ignorant man recently wrote to a friend as follows:—"Send me, as soon as possible, a good tooter for my son." He received the following reply:—"Our best cornet players are Walter Emerson and Jules Levy."

THE delightful swindle perpetrated by a Dutch gentleman of prepossessing appearance at the expense of an eminent London musician, who for obvious reasons does not wish his name to be known, will tend to show that professors of music are not less gullible than the majority of their fellow-creatures. In the present case, however, the confidence trick was so apparent, and the money slipped so easily from the pocket of the musician into the hand of the Dutchman, that it almost seemed to have been well earned. The *modus operandi* was simply this. The Dutchman called upon the musician and declared he was commissioned to offer him an engagement for Holland. So anxious was he to secure the musician, that he was authorized to deposit £40 as a guarantee. He produced a bill or bank order for £62, and blandly insinuated that £22 in cash would settle the matter. The £22 passed hands, and the Dutch gentleman was seen no more. Sad also to relate, the bank repudiated the bill altogether, returning it with the cruel intimation, "No account." The Dutch gentleman, thus armed with money, impudence, and a musical directory, appears now to be going the round of the profession upon a similar errand. For the credit of Ould Ireland it should, however, be stated

that his attempt to drive a similar bargain with that long-headed individual Mr. Foli, resulted in so forcible an expression of the eminent baritone's opinion that it had perhaps better be left to the imagination than committed to print.

SCRANTON, Pa., is the scene of a fierce legal musical warfare. It appears that a Mr. Frothingham indulges in the luxury of a musical (?) monstrosity known as a steam trombone. Now, we all know with what agony we listened to Barnum's steam calliope, but just fancy a *steam trombone*! Scranton objects seriously. *Hinc illa lachryma*. Berlioz in his wildest tonal dreams never conceived of such a weird instrument as a steam trombone, or else he might have employed it in the "Ride to Hell" in the "Damnation of Faust," but somehow or other we feel grateful he was not aware of the existence of such a fiendishly excruciating instrument of torture.

THE controversy which has been opened in regard to the conflicting claims of Mr. William Alfred Gurney and Mr. Johann Strauss to the invention of the new waltz is likely to interest dancing men rather than musicians. The principle of the "Gavotte waltz," it appears, is a slow movement (a sort of *andantino*) rapidly increasing in pace, until the regular waltz time is reached. The slow movement is avowedly designed for the purpose of permitting the lucky couple to talk instead of to dance. Consequently it can hardly affect the musical art.

THE *Musical World* says:—"Musicians of every clime and nation will thrill with pride to learn that the phrase 'Grand Old Man,' now identified with a distinguished statesman, was originally applied to the composer of 'The Messiah.' It occurred in a speech made by the late Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds, to a working-class audience assembled at a popular concert in Manchester. 'I dare not,' he said, 'allude to the sacred oratorio, 'The Messiah,' as merely an entertainment and an amusement, for I remember that when the oratorio was first produced in London, and Handel was congratulated on having 'entertained' the town for a whole week, the grand old man, in his usual outspoken manner, said, 'I did not wish to entertain the town; I wished to do it good.'"

"LE GUIDE MUSICAL" has a good story. At one of the rehearsals at the Brussels Monnaie Theatre of "Esclarmonde" matters went wrong, and somebody gave vent to an exclamation more blasphemous than decent. Immediately came the sharp rattle of a telephone bell—it was that of the instrument connected with the Royal Palace, and presently a gentle voice remarked through the wire: "Pardon; the Queen heard. Cannot you rehearse without swearing?" After that nobody invoked the Supreme Being during the rest of the day.

Tommy (at dinner, the new minister being a guest). You are quite a singer, I believe?

New Minister. Why, no. What makes you think so?

Tommy. Mother says that you stick to your notes more closely than any man she ever heard before.

SOMEHOW or other, everybody some time or other wants to sing "Auld Langsyne," and only one man in a million knows the words, and he only knows the first verse, and he doesn't sing it right.

AS an instance of how little some people know about music, although they claim to be authorities upon the subject, the following amusing little episode is worth relating:—

A certain celebrated violinist lately gave a high-class concert in Adelaide, and among the items on the programme appeared Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," which, however, was not played, another totally different selection being substituted. At the close a gentleman remarked to a lady,—

"The music was very fine, was it not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I did not care for the execution of the 'Moonlight Sonata.' It was pretty fair; but I have heard it played better."

It was not played at all, but she never noticed that. Afterwards one of the leading performers was asked why he did not play that particular piece, and he said,—

"I have only just found out that I have been playing the programme advertised for to-morrow night instead of the one for this evening," and the audience never noticed it apparently. This is a fact.

OUR Paris *confrère*, *Le Ménestrel*, says that Massenet, on account of the Wagnerian tendencies displayed in his opera "Esclarmonde," has, by some French wag, been dubbed "Mademoiselle Wagner," just as Musset was for a time called "Mademoiselle Byron."

"It was pretty clever of me, even if I do say it."

"Take care, Cadley, there's a policeman just behind us."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Why, there's an ordinance against street music. You might be arrested for blowing your own trumpet in public."

APROPPOS of the reported visit of Pachmann to America, a writer in the *New York Musical Courier* says:—

"I was very much amused at a story I recently heard about Vladimir de Pachmann, the Russian pianist. You know that Pachmann is a most eccentric man. He makes all sorts of faces while he plays, and acts at the piano

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very much after the manner of the late lamented Mr. Crowley, who, while I never had the pleasure of hearing him improvise, would doubtless have greatly enjoyed Mr. Pachmann's extraordinary pianistic performances. Seriously, however, Pachmann has a remarkably finished technic, and I never expect to hear anything more gossamer-like in delicacy than his Chopin playing. He is excessively vain—proud of being the leading European Chopinist. It appears that at a recent musical party in London he had steadily refused to play, and it was only when the affair was breaking up he gazed for a time very steadily in the face of Mrs. Max Heinrich, and abruptly said, 'I like your face; it is musical. I will play for you.' Not at all overcome by the great honour, Mrs. Heinrich declined, on the plea of the lateness of the hour. Pachmann burst out crying like a spoiled child, and, going into an adjoining room, he began banging the furniture about like a madman. It took quite a time to settle his agitated and artistic nerves, and then he declared frantically that he would never, no, never, offer to play for any one again. I think Pachmann will be quite a drawing card when he visits America, as he is full of all sorts of funny tricks and surprises."

THE following story on the subject of Rubinstein's passion for cards appears in the February number of *Murray's Magazine* :—

"On the occasion of one of Rubinstein's visits to London, he invited a large number—between twenty and thirty—of his English friends to spend a Sunday with him in the country. Richmond was chosen as the rendezvous, and there the guests assembled for luncheon. But immediately on the conclusion of that meal, Rubinstein exclaimed, 'Now, I must have a game of whist!' Unexpected difficulties, however, presented themselves. The landlord declared that card-playing on Sunday was contrary to the terms of his licence, and, though Rubinstein stormed and expostulated, remained for a long time obdurate. At last he yielded to entreaty, and accordingly the four players were concealed from public view in a small private room at the end of a passage. The blinds were drawn down, and the lamps lit, and there, with locked doors, Rubinstein and his friends played whist in midsummer weather until it was time for the whole party to return to town. How the other twenty odd guests passed their time history relateth not. *Apropos* of Rubinstein, another curious fact, not mentioned in Mr. M'Arthur's biography, may here be set down. He once told a friend that his playing in his great historical recitals became eventually so automatic that he often used, on sitting down, to go through his task without any consciousness of what he was doing."

MUSICAL notabilities at Oxford are not always thought much of by dons and the wives of dons, but they manage to make up for this deficiency by holding a good opinion of themselves. Dr. X—, of Christ Church, was giving a great party, and required the services of musicians. Mrs. X— therefore sat down and wrote to Mr. Walter Parratt—who was then the organist of Magdalen College—inviting him to come and bring his music, but completely ignoring the existence of Mr. Parratt's wife; whereupon the organist immediately replied as follows: "When Mr. Parratt accepts an invitation as a friend, he takes Mrs. Parratt with him; when his services are professionally engaged, his fee is fifty guineas." An explanation and profuse apologies ensued.

Aurelia in London.

By H. R. HAWES, M.A.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER II.

ALEXIS had gathered a little group about him. He was saying that we never heard Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" now—that amongst the six books were to be found some of the gems of musical literature; and he was calling attention to Lied 4, Book ii., which he declared contained a whole drama of emotion which could be fitted on if the painter insisted upon having definite images, and the novelist required a story to half a dozen different but not antagonistic sets of ideas. It begins restlessly, he said—for the novelist that will be a restless spirit; for the painter, a troubled sea; for the musician, it is merely a restless emotion. At 4, 5, 6 comes a sudden suspense—to the painter that will be the pause after the bursting of a great wave; to the novelist the waiting for some piece of news, or the sudden postponement of a crisis (7, 8, 9, 10); and, after having analyzed the Lied in this spirit, he had just finished playing it when the door opened, and, to the surprise and delight of every one, De Sartoris walked in. After cordial greetings all round, our friend explained he had come up to town on business which would detain him at least three weeks. I could see that his eyes wandered quickly to where Aurelia was sitting. Then he glanced towards Victor, whom he immediately went up to and shook by the hand. Aurelia seemed to me in no great hurry to come forward, but when he turned and made her a low bow, she put out her hand, I thought with some little constraint, and said, "I hope Madame Julia is better."

"My mother is not at all well," he replied; "she caught cold, and has not been out of the house for a week."

There was certainly no tendency on the part of Sartoris to monopolize Aurelia, nor any apparent desire on Aurelia's part to be monopolized; she seemed, indeed, to hold herself a little aloof from every one, but only a close observer would have noticed it. Sartoris had not brought his violin; he came, he said, to see what was going on, and to hear, not to play.

Felise was the novelty, and she sang for his special benefit Sullivan's "O fair dove, O fond dove" with exquisite repose; it was like the sound of water in deep sea-caves, Victor said—he was certainly a musically-converted being that night. Sartoris was evidently much struck with the beautiful Southern nightingale, and escorted her to her carriage at a later hour; she was a long time putting on her shawl. When he came up-stairs he said, "Nature has done so much for her—she has an organ like Trebelli's, but Trebelli had great difficulty in equalizing the registers of her wonderful timbre. Miss Felise possesses naturally a flexibility which Trebelli has acquired."

"Would you compare the two?" asked Alexis.

"Why, no; only as regards the quality of their voices. I have had no opportunity of knowing what further capacities this new song-bird may possess. We know Madame Trebelli is a consummate artist all round: actress, dramatic singer, as well as exquisite in the ballad. We have only heard Miss Felise in a ballad, but we can all see that she is of the first calibre, and gifted with that rare natural sensibility without which no one need trouble themselves to sing at all, as far as I am concerned."

I fancy the Melrose girls flushed up a little, and I daresay at that moment felt more than ever thankful that they had not been tempted into a display of their own very moderate powers.

The "outsiders"—by which I mean the Melrose sisters, the artist, the novelist, and the nightingale—were gone, but we, who had not met Sartoris for some two months, were in no hurry to separate, and we all settled ourselves naturally, with that feeling of an inner circle which promises perfect and unconstrained social intercourse. Sartoris told us of a musical entertainment he had organized for the "hands," at the great factory which rose in the stream-watered valley a few miles from the Rosaries, and close to the flourishing watering-place I have already described. He said he believed that half the drink and discontent of the working classes came from boredom. Their life was one of grinding toil; they had no heart to save, no courage for self-control, and no amusement but drinking and fighting, when once relieved from the mill of toil.

"Look," he said, "at the great mobs which meet in your Trafalgar Square and the parks, and clamour to have the wealth of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Westminster divided amongst them. There arrives a pedlar with a dancing dog, or a hot-pie man, or a band of negro melodists. The inflammatory orator is forsaken. What they really want is amusement, not bread. You will see that all the parading about the streets is half in the nature of a lark. The rough horse-play, even the occasional smashing of windows by hobbled-hoys, does not in England mean revolution. You don't, as a rule, find the trade unionists or accredited and organized bodies of workmen in these Trafalgar Square crowds at all. I say they don't mean revolution, but *ennui*. Give me a good brass band on the Thames Embankment, and I will soon make the mob orator in Trafalgar Square look ridiculous. Or, again, the fun of marching and singing is half the secret of the Salvation Army. Something to do together, something to listen to, something to enjoy—that is what the people want."

"My young friend," says Phoenix, who was at bottom a thoughtful and observant man in his way, "the redistribution of wealth—the capital and labour question—can't quite be played off the course with drums and trumpets; but there is something, no doubt, in what you say; at any rate, we who love art ought to do our part, the part we understand, and help others to it, and there is not one of us here who would not help; of that I am certain. As for myself, I would take the money at the turnstile. Sartoris, Miss Aurelia, Alexis, the Eurasian Nightingale, a recitation from our poet—there's a programme ready made (and the town band to begin and finish up with, eh?). We will all come down to the Roseries and see what can be done to recreate the toilworn labourers. Every one should pay a penny, the fund to go towards the sick list in the factory; and when Alexis plays too much Wagner, I should have instructions to give the people their money back if required."

"We shall not take any notice of your insinuations, but the idea of a recitation is excellent; only, perhaps, Mr. Victor will not consent. Will you?" said Aurelia, turning to the poet.

Victor gave a little start.

"I have never recited to a crowd. I don't know anything about reciting; and I hate elocutionists. I don't know much about the people either, but I should like to do anything I could; perhaps I could write something for some one else to recite."

"If you choose, you can do anything," said Sartoris warmly. "You would do something so different from anything they were accustomed

to hear or think of; it would come to them like a voice from another world."

And so it was agreed that, when we all met in the following year at the Roseries, a great performance should be organized specially for the masses, and held in the Winter Gardens there. I noticed that Aurelia whispered something to Alexis, upon which Phoenix said—

"What! secrets?"

"Quite the reverse," said Alexis. "My sister was suggesting that Victor should be asked if he had done those lines for music. Sartoris was to set them, you know."

"This is the first I have heard about it," says Sartoris.

"Of course you were not here the other day when we arranged it all. We agreed that, as a rule, words written for music were such poor stuff that no musician could expect to be inspired with the twaddle he is set down to compose to. Of course we have many exceptions. Sullivan has set many lovely words, such as the song Miss Felise sang to Jean Ingelow's words, 'O fair dove, O fond dove,' Shakespeare's 'Orpheus,' and others. I remember at this moment a very lovely duet, very little sung, out of 'Kenilworth,' also by Arthur Sullivan, in which he uses the words out of the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'On such a night as this.' The thing is perfectly steeped in moonlight, and charged with the heavy fragrance of the summer night. But there are exceptions; and the other evening we agreed that if Victor could only be converted to a moderate perception of the importance of musical sound, he would be the very one to write words which might be wedded to beautiful music; and Sartoris, who had such a gift for melody, although he had written so little, and published nothing, would be the very man to set Victor's verses to music."

It was a difficult thing to get Victor to read his own poems, although he would readily read from Keats, Shelley, or De Musset. We somehow knew that Aurelia had heard his latest compositions, not from anything she or he had said so much as from side hints she had let drop as to what was and what was not suited to music. Poets who are not musicians seem to have very little idea about what is singable. They care nothing for the open vowel sounds, the avoidance of sibilants, the closing of the windpipe, and so forth. We noticed that Aurelia seemed to be making some suggestion to Victor, and Phoenix, with his usual tact, took the initiative, and, laying his hand on Sartoris' shoulder, said out loud,—

"The poet must furnish the situation, *l'est ce pas?* and it will be for the musician to say whether he can accept it."

"I think," says Aurelia, "we might hear one or two poems, and decide which would go best to music, if Mr. Victor, who has been showing me two here in MS., will read them."

"I will read this if you wish it—a Threnody. I see now that De Musset's lyrics have had something to do with it, but it also has the elements of a story, though less condensed than Heine's dramas in three acts, in so many verses. Perhaps it is too little of the lyric and too much of the drama for your purposes."

And with his peculiar, concentrated earnestness of manner, jerking out each phrase with excessive emphasis, as though every line was rung from some deep heart-experience of his own, Victor sat and read, with occasional abrupt and fervid but not ungraceful action. It was impossible not to listen to every word, he seemed so absorbed, so unconscious of all around him; and yet he never could have read so, had he not felt himself in intimate sympathy

with us all—every tone, every gesture was self-revelation. This was his charm.

Aurelia shaded her eyes with a Japanese fan and nestled in a quiet corner, and Victor read his "Threnody":—

Between the dawning and the day,
Before the rising of the lark,
The May-bloom glistened in the dark:
And all the land in shadow lay—
Between the dawning and the day.

Between the dawning and the day,
The wet wild-flowers in thine hair
Shed a soft rain of honey there—
I stooped to kiss the drops away—
Between the dawning and the day.

Between the dawning and the day,
The wind fell and the thunder ceased,
The red light came up from the east,
As my dear love a-dying lay,
Between the dawning and the day.

Between the dawning and the day,
I knew the silence was not sleep,
But death—and yet I could not weep—
I could not even kneel and pray
Between the dawning and the day.

But when the bloom is on the May,
And scent from wet wild-flowers rare
Comes floating on the twilight air—
Ah, sweetest face, and fragrant hair!—
My bitter tears dry not away,
Between the dawning and the day.

"That is pathetic, and scenic, and eloquent; but it is not singable," said Sartoris, with his usual quick judgment and keen critical perception.

"And what then does Apollo require?" asked Phoenix. "What is his great *distinguo* in words suitable for music?"

"Well," said Sartoris slowly, like a man thinking out a fine distinction, and letting the thought mould his careful utterance of it, "a good song must not have too much narrative, unless it is a comic song—or too much meditation, unless it is a recitative. A lyric is first atmosphere—next invocation or apostrophe—and last incident or narrative; but all mere meditation apart from the lift and passion of apostrophe is out of place in a singable lyric—for the ministry of song is not reflective, but demonstrative."

"This 'Threnody,' like 'Estella,' which the poet read to us at the Roseries, is really suggestive of a three-volume novel; it is too much 'about,' and too little 'from' the persons concerned. Even the narrative is not direct, it is too meditative—it is all too *sotto voce* for music; the appeal is nowhere direct. In a song you cannot afford to stand aside and moralize like Hamlet at the grave; you must give yourself—some living phase of yourself as you are—you must embody neither memory nor speculation, but present emotion, in which the past and the future are alike subordinate."

'Ich grolle nicht und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlorne Lieb!'

That is lyrical, passionate, singable; but

'I knew the silence was not sleep,
But death—and yet I could not weep—'

or—

'The wet wild-flowers in thine hair,
Shed a soft rain of honey there,'

is poetical, but there is no invocation or personal directness of any sort about it. Therefore, though beautiful and pathetic, it is not song-like."

I could see that Aurelia only half acquiesced in this opinion; but Victor quickly assented.

"I see exactly what you mean. Here is a little fragment,—a little suggestive of Heine perhaps, but more direct and personal."

TO SERAPHAEL.

If I have loved, it was because my soul
Lay faint before him in delirious light,
Like some lone mere before the rising sun.

If I have wept, it was because my tears
Fell with the twilight gathering round my heart,
Like dew that weep above the fallen sun.

The twilight soon will glimmer into night,
A starless night—a night of dreamless sleep—
And I forget my weeping, and my love.

"That is a song—a perfect song!" exclaimed Sartoris, springing up in his enthusiasm.

"And I forget my weeping, and my love."

It is meditation, but it is lyrical—it is self-apostrophe. The very words flow into music by themselves; and he sang a refrain, which we all hailed as the musical nucleus of the song to be.

"I cannot sing it," said Aurelia. "I know I cannot."

"Why?"

"First, because it is a contralto song. Felise will sing it, with her rich, slumbrous tones. Can't you hear them?"

'And I forget my weeping, and my love,'

—something between a soft flute and a clarinet, and just a little pathetic tremble here and there, and a melodious sigh, as of the night-wind falling into deep silence. "The dream-sleep,"—oh, how beautiful it will be!" and the young girl clasped her hands, and looked at Victor with such frank delight and admiration that we all caught her enthusiasm, and begged Sartoris to develop the spontaneous phrase that he had thrown off in the excitement of a susceptible moment, and which Alexis, going to the piano, caught up and harmonized.

"Stop! stop!" cried Sartoris; "do not give me a hint, or I shall be able to develop nothing. I must nurse my idea alone, and it must not be tampered with—no, not even by such an artist as Alexis. Let every one sow his seed, and pluck the flowers—no poaching!"

"He feels," says Phoenix, turning to me, "like a bird who has begun to build, and, finding his nest discovered, refuses to go on—eh?"

We all laughed, but we knew better than to risk more pleasantry on a subject so deeply affecting our friend's musical sensibility.

Before we parted that night, Victor handed Sartoris his lines.

"By the way," said Phoenix to Sartoris, as we all three went down-stairs together, "have you seen the evening papers?"

"Not I."

"Nor I."

"Well, there is a telegram to say that Liszt has decided to come over and conduct his 'Legend of St. Elizabeth.'"

"I don't believe it," said Sartoris. We found ourselves in the empty street—we had to go in different directions, and none of us thought much more about Liszt that night—but next day—

(To be continued.)

THE music of this unmusical country continues to make headway abroad, even against German prejudice. A new proof is the intention of the Berlin Philharmonic Society to produce, on April 15th, Mr. Frederic Lamond's new orchestral symphony. We do not forget that Mr. Lamond received most of his musical education in Germany, but "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," he has not, like Eugene D'Albert, repudiated his native land.

Rubinstein's Last Pianoforte Recital.

MOSCOW, January 21, 1890.

HAVE every reason to believe the above heading will remain a true one, and that I have indeed to chronicle the last recital this wonderful pianist will give. Rubinstein himself has assured me it is so, and Rubinstein is neither Patti nor Sims Reeves.

The truth is, Rubinstein is tired of his pianistic career; it has been one series of uninterrupted triumphs for him for the last fifty years; he can have no more from it, and the great pecuniary benefits he attains through his recitals have no attractions for him. He is very far from being a rich man, but he has a beautiful home; he has the receipts his works bring him in; he has now a small pension from the Czar, and a small capital still remaining from a once magnificent fortune, and he has decided this must suffice, and in this case, unfortunately, his decisions are not lightly made.

When, therefore, he did finally assure me some weeks ago he would give no more recitals, I was prepared for it; and when I learned that since his first recital was given in Moscow, his last also, in commemoration of the fifty years of his artistic life, would be given there on the 7th/19th of January last, I made up my mind at once, and, packing my portmanteau, started for Moscow in time to take notes on this auspicious occasion.

It was rather a curious sensation I realized, as, wrapped to the teeth in my furs—we had fifteen degrees below freezing-point—I took my place in the sleeping-car of the night train leaving St. Petersburg for Moscow. I recognised various musical acquaintances on the platform starting like myself for the old Russian capital, but all of them were Russians, so that even though it was in its way a sad occasion, this journey to Moscow for Rubinstein's last recital, yet as the train sped through the vast snow-covered plains, I could not help congratulating myself and blessing my stars on account of the luck which enabled me, the only foreign correspondent, to be in for it all.

Cold as it had been at St. Petersburg, we found on arriving at Moscow it was still colder there. A white mantle of snow lay over everything, and under the brilliant sunshine every flake glittered as brilliantly as the best almsprinkled Christmas card landscape could do.

Rubinstein had been in Moscow from the previous Monday in order to conduct the rehearsals of the Symphony Concert, held on Saturday the 6th/18th of January, the day before that on which his Recital was given; and at this concert he was himself to play his last composition, his Concertstücke, with orchestra.

He was looking in splendid condition, thoroughly enjoying his holiday from the St. Petersburg Conservatory, for he was quite happy to be a visitor in the city where his first childish honours had been offered him.

Time passed quickly and pleasantly, Rubinstein had many dinner-parties to attend, friends to visit, as well as the Conservatory and the Opera to go and see; but at last the evening of the Symphony Concert arrived, the programme of this being, Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture, No. 3; an Aria of Glinka's from "Russlan and Ludmilla," sung by a once famous singer, still very much beloved by the Moscow public; Schubert's C major Symphony, and Rubinstein's Concertstücke, which Tschaiowsky conducted.

Readers of the *Magazine of Music* for Janu-

ary may remember that at the Jubilee concert in St. Petersburg, Rubinstein did not do justice to his last composition—in fact, he played in such a hurried, careless fashion, that the entire beauty of the piece was lost, and any just idea of it impossible to his hearers. At the Moscow Symphony Concert this was anything but the case, and Rubinstein was never in better form.

Of course vociferous applause was his reward, and in reply to it, he played Chopin's G minor Nocturne and Liszt's Valse Caprice.

The Concertstücke Tschaiowsky conducted magnificently.

The following day, at one o'clock—it was Sunday, but Sunday is not kept in Russia as it is in Scotland—the Recital took place. From one end to the other the big concert hall was packed, and the sight was a memorable one.

Rubinstein played first a Beethoven Sonata, and it is needless to add how! the second movement was simply beyond all praise; then followed Schumann's "Kriesleriana," played only as Rubinstein can play it; and after this Schubert's great "Wanderer Fantasie" in C major.

Rubinstein's reading of this was a revelation, and when he rose from the pianoforte to rest a few moments before further proceeding, the audience simply became frantic.

Then came Chopin's Sonata with the Funeral March. In the second movement Rubinstein's virtuosity was quite overwhelming—how and when could he play the notes he did, and as he did?

The Chopin number was longest. He played besides the Sonata the Barcarolle—this so exquisitely that a lovely picture of Venice and moonlight, dark water and beautiful faces, stood like something real before us; three Preludes, three Etudes, the A flat Waltz, and some of the Mazurkas, the C minor Nocturne, and for the close of this great number the colossal A flat Polonaise, played with a masterly breadth and vigour.

This much would have satisfied any virtuoso of to-day, but Rubinstein is no ordinary pianist, and when he gives he gives with a lavish hand; consequently following these fourteen pieces came two *Leider ohne Worte*, and the F sharp minor "Scherzo a capriccio" of Mendelssohn, the D flat Etude of Liszt, "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," "Erlkönig," and a waltz from the "Soirées de Vienne" of Schubert, arranged by Liszt; two fantasies written by Rubinstein himself, and for the close, Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens March"—in all, twenty-five pieces.

Rubinstein was determined this should be a memorable occasion for Moscow; and the rest he had during the week he spent there left him able to go through this extraordinary programme not only ably, but triumphantly; in fact, never in his life did he play with such passion and power, such delicacy, and such refinement.

The sonata of Chopin was something remarkable. Of course, as always, he played the Funeral March *pianissimo*, rising to *double forte*, and dying away to *pianissimo* again; but the last movement, as Rubinstein plays it, no other can. As for all pieces he places before himself some picture; and his idea of this movement is a lonely grave, in some wild forsaken spot, a tangle of long straggling grass covers it, and over this the wind sighs and moans, the rain beats down on it, and all is desolation.

There are many such graves on the surface of the earth; but Rubinstein's picture makes one realize them too vividly, for his playing reaches the heart, and causes

Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears.

It is quite useless to try and describe what his reception was; there is but one reception that he gets invariably; and when one considers

that the receipts of the day amounted to twelve thousand roubles, one can have some faint idea of the crowd filling the hall.

With his characteristic generosity, this sum Rubinstein handed over, in honour of his brother Nicholas, the founder and director of the Conservatory, to the Moscow Conservatory, towards the building of a much needed concert hall. For the same purpose the pianoforte firm of Schroeder of St. Petersburg gave five thousand roubles, and a private lady, also for the same purpose, fifty thousand roubles. Rubinstein himself was presented after the concert with a complimentary address, and the thanks of the Moscow Musical Society.

A dinner, attended by over fifty musicians of Moscow and St. Petersburg, followed; and Rubinstein contrived, when drinking health, to smash his champagne glass twice, which was held as a most lucky omen by the superstitious Russians.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 1.

At eight o'clock on Sunday evening the terminus of the Moscow and St. Petersburg railroad line presented an unusually animated appearance, for Rubinstein, escorted literally by hundreds, was returning to St. Petersburg by the night train; in fact, I saw gathered together all Musical Moscow, headed by Tschaiowsky and Safonoff, the director of the Conservatory. Those of us who had come from St. Petersburg were returning with the master, and poor Rubinstein was seated, whilst he awaited the train, amongst a bevy of Moscow ladies, each bent on showing him the most attention,—so that, between all, he must have been a little bewildered.

At half-past ten o'clock the next morning the train arrived in St. Petersburg, after a journey without mishap of any kind; and Rubinstein, indefatigable always, at once drove off to the Conservatory to go through his ordinary daily routine there.

In St. Petersburg we hope to hear the great pianist still twice more,—once for a last appearance at the Quartett Concerts, and once for the same at the Popular Sunday Concerts; after which he seems determined to be seen and heard no more on concert platforms, a resolution that is really an injustice to the musical public; for, despite his sixty years, and the fifty years of artistic work he has been doing, Rubinstein is playing not only as well, but better than ever, as his last Recital in Moscow proved.

ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

Music in St. Petersburg.

ADMIRERS of the charming American singer, Mdle. Nikita, will be glad to learn that this young lady has been having a brilliant success here in St. Petersburg, the Empress having specially engaged her to sing at the Patriotic Concert, conducted by Rubinstein, and given the 4th/16th of February.

Mdle. Nikita has already given two concerts here, and has been engaged for the forthcoming season of Russian opera.

The St. Petersburgers are a very devoted public to singers—that is, when these latter can sing—and as well as Mdle. Nikita, Marcella Sembrich has been reaping a rich harvest, with no end of success.

The Symphony, Quartett, and Popular Sunday Concerts go on regularly, and Tschaiowsky's new Ballet, the "Sleeping Beauty," has been one of the events of the season; the decoration, scenery, and music being all equally beautiful and rich. So, as one may see, despite the cold and our sunless winter, we manage to have music here, and enjoy it.

ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

Musical Life in London.

MADAME HAAS was announced to play at the Saturday Popular Concert, January 25th, but was unable to appear, and Miss Janotha, at very short notice, took her place. A spirited performance of Rubinstein's Sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello, was given by this lady in conjunction with Signor Piatti. As solo she only played a light Gavotte of her father's. The programme included Schubert's Octet, the rendering of which was well-high perfection. Miss Florence Hoskins was the vocalist.

On the following Monday Herr Stavenhagen appeared for the second time this season. His charming touch and masterful execution were displayed to advantage in Schubert's B minor Minuet and Schumann's "Papillons." The programme included Schumann's popular Quartet in A minor, led with admirable taste and feeling by Madame Neruda, and Beethoven's Septet. Miss Marguerite Hall sang songs by Schubert, Henschel, and Brahms with taste and intelligence.

On Saturday afternoon, February 1st, the concert opened with Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat (Op. 87). There are some works, such as the Spohr Quartet in A, or the Schubert Quartet in A minor, over which Madame Neruda seems to have a prescriptive right, and to these must be added the Quintet. Her delivery of the leading theme at the close of the pathetic Adagio is wonderfully impressive. Mr. Franz Rummel was the pianist, and played Beethoven's Sonata in C (Op. 53). He is an accomplished artist, and his mechanism is excellent; but he did not reveal all the beauty and grandeur of Beethoven's work. Miss Liza Lehmann pleased greatly in an old Irish melody arranged by Stanford, an old English song—"Good-morrow, Gossip Joan," and a song by Somerville. The programme closed with Beethoven's Serenade Trio.

Mr. Franz Rummel appeared again on the following Monday. This time he played three short solos. His reading of Schubert's Impromptu in A flat (Op. 90, No. 4) was rather sentimental, and that of the Chopin Nocturne in D flat lacked warmth. However, the familiar Rondo Capriccioso of Mendelssohn was given in such a crisp, brilliant manner, that the pianist was recalled, and added Chopin's Berceuse. Mr. Rummel also took part in Schumann's Trio in D minor. Madame Neruda played with great charm Vitali's quaint Chaconne. Miss Christine Nielson, a young American vocalist, pupil of Mr. Henschel, made her *début* at these concerts. Her first song was Brahms's "Wie bist du meine Königin," in the rendering of which she showed signs of nervousness. She, however, got on much better in Rubinstein's "Sehnsucht." She has a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable power, and she sings with intelligence.

The first appearance of Dr. Joachim on Monday evening, February 17th, was, of course, an event of special importance, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the eminent violinist was greeted with enthusiasm. The *habitués* of these concerts have often listened to the great Rasoumowski Quartet in C under his leadership, and often heard him play Bach's

marvellous Chaconne, but such is the power of the works and of Dr. Joachim as interpreter, that they are as attractive as ever. There is nothing new further than that the new-comer was in his best form, and that for an encore after his solo he played a Bach piece.

Miss A. Zimmermann, who was well received, played some Scarlatti solos, and Miss L. Lehmann phased in some light songs. Both ladies were encored.

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 8th, Brahms's Trio in E flat, Op. 40, for pianoforte, violin, and French horn, was heard for the first time at the Popular Concerts. It is a work that displays on every page the master's individuality. The first movement, with its plaintive horn melody and *animato* theme, is effective in its contrasts. A lively Scherzo is followed by an Adagio, which is well described as *mezzo*. The Finale is bright and exciting. The work was magnificently performed by Sir C. Hallé, Mme. Neruda, and Mr. Paersch. The programme included Mozart's Quartette in D minor, and Bach's Sonata in A for pianoforte and violin. Mr. Hirwen Jones was the vocalist. He sang a new and graceful song, "My little Maid and I," by Signor Piatti, with cello obbligato played by the composer. The Brahms's Trio above mentioned was repeated on the following Monday (Feb. 10th) by the same artists, and well received. Sir C. Hallé gave a delightfully neat and brilliant rendering of Beethoven's characteristic Sonata in F sharp major (Op. 78). He also played with Mme. Neruda some of Heller and Ernst's graceful Pensées Fugitives. Heller's name is seldom seen now on a concert programme. Miss Hope Glenn was the vocalist.

Sir Charles Hallé gave his fourth and last orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on February 7th. The programme commenced with Cherubini's "Anacreon" Overture, repeated by desire, and the performance was one of great refinement and brilliancy. This was followed by Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," admirably interpreted and enthusiastically applauded. Then came three movements from Grieg's delightful "Peer Gynt" Suite, and the conductor was compelled to repeat the last number, "In the halls of the mountain king." Mme. Neruda (Lady Hallé) and Herr Willy Hess, principal of the Manchester orchestra, played with wonderful charm and finish Bach's fine Concerto in D minor for two violins. The concert concluded with the "Eroica." The hall was well filled. Sir C. Hallé deserves the thanks of the London musical public for the four treats which he has given them: the programmes have all been attractive, and the performances have left nothing to desire.

The Crystal Palace Concerts were resumed on Saturday, February 8th, and Mr. Manns, on taking his seat at the conductor's desk, received quite an ovation. The novelty of the afternoon was a concert overture, "To the memory of a hero," by Mr. C. H. Couldery, whose overture to Richard I. was produced five years ago at these concerts. The new one is a skilfully constructed and well-scored piece of music; and it was admirably performed. Herr Stavenhagen was the pianist, and he chose Liszt's Paraphrase of Dies Irae for pianoforte and orchestra. This piece is so eccentric, and withal so ugly, that one is tempted to think the composer wrote it by way of a joke. The solo part is of enormous difficulty, and it is no doubt this feature which attracts pianists of ability. Herr Stavenhagen dashed it off in a brilliant manner, but all his fine playing could not make it acceptable to the audience. He was afterwards very successful in some solos by Schubert and Liszt. The programme included Gluck's grand overture to

"Iphigénie en Aulide," with Wagner's calm ending, instead of the usual noisy one attributed to Mozart. Also Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, played by the Palace Band with its wonted perfection. Miss Hope Glenn was the vocalist.

The programme of the concert on February 15th included an old novelty,—a concerto by J. Rosenhain. This composer, now in his eightieth year, was a pupil of Kalliwoda, and the friend of Cramer, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and many other musical worthies who lived, as the story-books say, a long time ago. He has written a great deal of music. He was a distinguished pianist, and visited London as far back as the year 1837. The Pianoforte Concerto in D, brilliantly interpreted by Miss Davies, is a smooth, agreeable, and showy work. The programme included Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony; the performance of the latter was wonderfully fine. Miss Amelia Sinico made her *début* here. She has a fresh voice, and shows taste; but in Mozart's "Bath, bath," nervousness prevented her doing herself justice.

Mr. Henschel gave his fourth Symphony Concert on Thursday evening, January 23rd. The first part of the programme contained Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture, Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, and Grieg's characteristic "Peer Gynt" Suite; and all were rendered with marked care and attention. There was a novelty in the shape of a Symphonic Poem, by Mr. Ferdinand Praeger. As in Liszt's compositions of similar title, so in this, the various movements follow without break. The idea which Mr. Praeger seeks to embody in his tone-poem is a sad one, as may be seen from its superscription:—

Life is a debt, and death the payment;

Thou livest, indeed, but only to die;

Life's conditions—suffering and want,

Through which is earned our right to the grave.

The music shows thought and earnestness, but not always inspiration. The Notturmo is extremely graceful, and—as indeed the rest of the work—well scored. Mr. Praeger was recalled at the close. The programme concluded with two Wagner excerpts.

The date of the next concert was February 6th, and so Mr. Henschel gave a special programme to commemorate Wagner's death, which took place February 13, 1883. His selections were entirely from the master's later works: the "Meistersinger" Overture, the "Parsifal" Prelude, the "Tristan" Prelude and Finale and Träume, and everything was performed in a highly meritorious manner. Besides these the programme included Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, which was given with marked care and intelligence; such a programme naturally drew a full house, and the music was listened to with rapt attention.

Miss Geisler-Schubert and Miss Fillunger gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 12th. The former lady, grand-niece of the composer, Franz Schubert, came to London last season, and in a performance of that composer's B flat Trio and the Sonata in G, proved that she could do justice to the musician whose name she bears. This time she played the second and greater Trio in E flat (Op. 100), and the Sonata in B flat. Her reading of both works was refined and sympathetic. A little more passion at times would, however, have been an improvement. She also gave some short solos. Miss Fillunger contributed songs by Brahms and Robert and Clara Schumann. She was well received, and her singing of Schumann's "Widmung" as encore gave great satisfaction.

"The greatest of all Pianofortes—the Steinway Pianofortes—London and New York."—*Adv.*

Our Musical Tour.

(BY THE ONE WHO WAS NOT
MUSICAL.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning we awoke with happy thoughts. We were no longer the ordinary everyday tourists on the Continent. Bülow was our friend; he had given himself the trouble to entertain us; and as our thoughts went back to the wondrous treat of the evening before, or our fancy drew pictures of what was to come, our happiness was unbounded.

Whilst the bells from the beautiful old cathedral right in that quarter of the town where Goethe's house stands were still chiming six, we were shaving ourselves, and at seven o'clock, after a cup of coffee, behold us! sauntering out in the beautiful morning air with Bülow between us, wending our way to the Raff Conservatorium.

Even at that hour the sun was scorching, so we took our way past the splendid Opera House to the *Anlagen* that encircle the entire city. The wooded alleys in these famous gardens, with their lilac, lime, and laburnum trees in blossom, were full of life and colour; gardeners were busy raking out the beds of lily of the valley, mignonnette, tulips, and heart's-ease; white-aproned lads, with the peculiar peaked German cap worn by all classes, were carrying steaming baskets of newly-baked bread on their heads; nursemaids—many of them in queer Bavarian short petticoated gowns, reaching only to the knees—were already out with their charges, and all kinds of school-boys, looking preoccupied, laughing, or staid, were hurrying along. Bülow was the cynosure of all eyes, for the figure of the German doctor is one well known in every German city; but he took it quite naturally, bowing often and pulling uninterruptedly at his big Havannah cigar.

Now I was determined to learn something of the mysteries of music and musicians, to get some clue to the eternal discord that reigns amongst them and their ideas; and as Peacocke was unusually silent, I determined not to lose this chance with the famous doctor, and so in a roundabout way I put him on the topic of the rival Frankfurt Conservatoriums—the Raff and Hoch.

I argued to myself as follows:—Bülow is a man of enormous intellect, of the highest culture, and an artist; he has taken out his degree of doctor of philosophy; he is able to reason over all subjects,—therefore he is the one to enlighten me on this musical puzzle.

I am afraid few will believe me, but on the introduction of these Raff and Hoch Conservatoriums I found Bülow was a madman; it was useless to argue with him—no excited Parnellite ever argued as he did. One professor in the Hoch Conservatorium was a fool, a second an ass, a third an imbecile, a fourth a swindler, a fifth a sham, a sixth an idiot, all of them were stupid, most of them were nonentities, and none of them musicians.

I heard dumbfounded; what was the meaning of it all? I looked at Peacocke, but he was smiling, and so at last our charming walk was ended, the Conservatorium was reached, and we went up the queer winding staircase to the concert hall.

It was crowded as we entered, and instanter

the entire body of students stood up as Bülow passed through to the platform.

We got front seats,—somehow I have remarked that Englishmen abroad invariably manage to do that,—and then commenced a scene I shall never forget.

I have confessed several times to knowing very little of music; at the same time, however, I have passed many years of my life in London; I have attended the best concerts season after season; I am tolerably familiar with the manner and style of playing of such pianoforte virtuosi as Hallé, Schumann, Rubinstein, Menter, Essipoff, Bülow, Bach, Janotha, Krebs, etc.; and I had a fair knowledge of pianoforte literature in general. I may add even (although I am now no player) that in the far-off ages of my childhood, a respectable, middle-aged lady had taught me triumphantly through the elementary—how very elementary I leave to the reader—rules of pianoforte playing. My morning walk, however, had satisfied me that on any musical subject Bülow was not to be trusted, consequently after a pupil had played, in a careful way, a prelude and fugue of Bach, and Bülow, with a wag of his head stood up, and addressing us said that the pupil had played well from a finger point of view, but from a musical point of view his playing was the most complete rubbish, I said to myself I would take all that Mr. Bülow would say on the subject with a grain of salt.

Five minutes passed away. Bülow was still talking. He spoke beautifully; he made every point so clear and so plain; I felt myself a fool. How could I judge this great artist, with his vast and complete learning, and so I let myself go. Yes, Bülow had proved himself not to be trusted; on some subjects he was a madman, he could stigmatize learned professors of the rival Conservatoriums fools, he could do and say what he will, but *better err with him than err with another.*

That was my conclusion, and when some time later at luncheon I explained it to Peacocke, he threw a cherry stone at me, and in a provoking American accent he had picked up, and was fond of introducing sometimes, he said sarcastically, "Waal, Sandy, I guess you air a philosopher."

Bülow, as the day went on, stamped and screamed and swore, and as I looked upon bench after bench of young and anxious students, I felt sorry for them. Some of them had good fingers, but lacked musical intelligence; others had great musical intelligence, but lacked fingers; others again had both in a fair way of success, but lacked character; others were too poetic; others too prosaic; but how many could hope to make a career? I counted at most, out of the two hundred present, one and a half per cent.

The entire time Peacocke with a number of others was taking notes, now and again Bülow himself played, and at intervals some unfortunate student came up only to be covered with ridicule by the doctor; so that altogether it was a lively scene. What did strike me, however, as specially noteworthy was a short sentence Bülow was obliged invariably to tell each student, not only on this day, but during the entire course of lessons. The sentence was this: "*Crescendo* does not mean *accelerando*;" still another being, "*Pianissimo* does not mean *ritardando*." I give these two for the benefit of pianoforte students, and certainly I heard them so often that they will remain fixed in my memory, I have no doubt, through all eternity.

Bülow walked home with us again, and after dinner and his afternoon nap, we just caught a glimpse of him, as, irritable, peevish, and

nervous, he was hurrying away to some of his friends. Poor fellow! he looked like a martyr, and I couldn't help wondering why on earth it was he inflicted this on himself.

Peacocke and I had nothing to do, so as we hadn't been showing up at our old *pension* for two entire days, and we naturally concluded the ladies would be uneasy about our long disappearance, we sauntered off there a little before six o'clock.

We came in on a scene of excitement there, however; the two grand pianofortes were open in the *salon*, and most of the fair students were gathered there,—all of them, in fact, but my Bülow pupil. But as we came through the garden—most of the houses in Frankfurt have gardens, and such lovely ones too, with shady alleys and all kinds of bowery nooks and corners—we heard a piano, and so we concluded she was up in her own room practising for Bülow on the following day.

It was some time before we could make out the cause of the excitement, but at length we learned that a young Englishman, Mr. B—, one of Frau Schumann's most talented pupils, was to play two or three very difficult pieces at an Afternoon that was to be held the next day at Frau Schumann's house, and he was, just as we entered, about to have a sort of rehearsal.

With Bülow's voice still in my ears, I rather disdained the young fellow. After all, women are women, and—etc., etc. I don't want to offend admirers of the great artist, for I am no critic, but I must confess as young Mr. B— took his seat at the pianoforte, I felt I was going to hear very little.

Peacocke, I may add, was with Miss C—, so that I don't think he understood at all what was going on. He soon opened his eyes, however, as our young countryman played a brilliant prelude. I may add so did I; and although I was prejudiced, I must confess never to have heard a better pianoforte performance; the pieces were, of course, strictly classical—Bach, Beethoven, and Handel; and Bülow himself could not have played them better.

We then adjourned to supper, and afterwards young B—, who was in the best of spirits, proposed to take Peacocke and myself to a famous restaurant in Bockenheimer, where the most wonderful beer in the world was to be had.

I am afraid geniuses are not so scarce as we think them, and as we drove along in the moonlight I couldn't help staring at our young friend; he was a surprise for me. Of course Peacocke plunged at once with him into abstruse subjects, and many a quiet laugh I had to myself, for Peacocke had completely enveloped himself in Hans von Bülow's intellectual garb. I heard him hold forth on subjects and assume ideas he had heard only that morning for the first time from Bülow; perhaps he was even more vehement than Bülow. Mr. B—, on the contrary, seemed to be very modest, and more or less without fixed ideas on many subjects, for he gave a vague "perhaps" to some of Peacocke's most dogmatic assertions.

I suppose there is nothing so striking to a foreigner, or perhaps I should say an Englishman, as a German beer-garden; for the vast majority picture to themselves a sort of Donnybrook fair, where peasants get drunk, and the least picturesque side of life is exhibited.

This, however, was what we found in Bockenheimer. A sort of miniature wood, and through the tops of the lofty, thickly-leaved trees a brilliant moonlight broke, and lay in silver streaks on the dry sandy earth. Tables, long, broad, and small, were on all sides. Splendid-looking German officers, pretty *Fräuleins*, men and women of all kinds, and students without number, were seated at these. All seemed to be

enjoying themselves, and as we threaded our way to a quiet nook under a delightful lime tree in full blossom, I thought to myself that the Germans are surely a great nation.

We ordered our three glasses of beer and looked around us, and just at that moment I espied Bülow in the midst of a merry party of professors and artists. I had just taken a good look at these, when some little distance off the orchestra commenced tuning up, and to my most complete astonishment and delight I recognised Beethoven's "Pastorale Symphony."

Think of it, my English friends, the "Pastorale Symphony" in moonlight, with the warm, perfumed air of a lovely spring night around, and the witching, poetic beauty of a southern climate.

I looked over at Bülow, the greatest of living Beethoven interpreters, but the doctor's clear-cut profile was in shadow, and he seemed motionless, as the music—for me it is divine music—floated to us.

There was nothing—nothing but the music and Nature; nobody stirred, nobody moved, nothing whatever to distract the attention from these two.

What a picture it all was!—in the music, the pretty rustic scene, the crickets chirping in the grass, the birds singing, the approach of the storm, the rain falling, the storm itself, and then the hush: so Bülow explained it to us later as we walked home, telling us how Beethoven found it all in those long walks of his amidst the lovely Rhine scenery.

Too soon it was finished, the musicians went home, the lights about the restaurant and terrace where the orchestra was situated were put out, busy waiters carried off the beer-glasses, by twos and twos the tall cavalry officers went past us, till at length only a few stragglers were left.

Bülow let his friends go and walked home with us, and as he walked, explained to us the music. We were the only people out almost; no lights were burning in the handsome villas we passed by, for Germans are early folk, even the most fashionable of them, and six o'clock in the morning would see most of them at work.

We reached our hotel long after midnight, Mr. B— having separated from us some time before; and as Bülow shook hands with us, he looked up at Peacocke and smiled.

"Life is not all dreary and dull as Schopenhauer puts it, is it?" he asked with a shrug; "and so long as there is Beethoven there is happiness."

Peacocke, although not an impressive fellow, wrung the doctor's hand silently; then he said quietly,—

"Life is too happy sometimes!"

Next morning when I awoke Peacocke was nowhere to be seen. Dressed and gone out without me; how very extraordinary! I looked at my watch, it was only half-past five. I had slept at most three hours, and yet here was Peacocke away. He came in at seven o'clock, just as I was meditating going off with Bülow to the Raff Conservatorium alone, and he was looking radiant.

"Well, old fellow," I queried, "where on earth have you been since five o'clock?"

"Oh, you must come too!" he cried enthusiastically; "I have never heard such a magnificent performance in my life. They have just been playing Beethoven's Mass music down at the cathedral, and the service was magnificent; Bülow and I heard it all!"

"And why the deuce didn't you wake me?" I asked disgustedly, as I frowned on all his radiance.

"Well, I did wake you, but you kept muttering

something about not being a milk-man, and as you seemed in an awful temper, I thought it best to let you sleep on."

The same day, when we returned home and had eaten our dinner, Peacocke, who looked done up, took possession of our one sofa, and, like the best of the Frankfurters, fell into a comfortable snooze. Even a Beethoven Mass and a Beethoven Symphony cannot overcome sleep.

Day after day went by pleasantly, our life was pretty much the same on each. We went to receptions at Madame Schumann's, to concerts of all kinds, to the opera. We spent hours hearing Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann in the various gardens. We went picnics to the woods. We explored the Taunus range of mountains; climbed the great Feldberg, the *Altkönig*. We visited all the various old castles, on those days when Bülow was not lecturing. We came home after our excursions, hot, tired, but delighted, looking a most respectable pack of students (we always went in companies), in our wide straw hats, as we jogged along the delightful country roads singing snatches of songs, joking everybody, buying geese from old countrywomen, and generally managing to pass the most delightful time possible. Then there was Frankfurt itself to be explored. We paid a visit to the old cemetery in the town, where Goethe's mother is buried. We stood endless hours gazing on the delightful old houses that charmed the hearts of other generations in the time of the Meistersingers. We laid wreaths on the graves of Schopenhauer and Raff, in that loveliest of cemeteries, on a hill surrounded by the wooded valleys and declivities of the Taunus range. We saw many celebrated people, were with Bülow at all times and hours, and, to sum up, enjoyed that life—the best perhaps under heaven—that is known as student life in Germany, with this advantage, however, that we ourselves were not even students, not even amateur students; so that we had no care, no worry, and no obligations except to enjoy life to the best of our ability. I never knew such happiness, for even Peacocke decided on writing nothing during our tour, so that I slept in peace.

Peacocke and I never lost sight of our aim, at least I never did, and on many occasions we compared notes. I was converted to Wagnerism, and Peacocke had many a laugh at me for the way in which I revelled in "Meistersinger," "Walküre," and "Tannhäuser," even in the scores of "Tristan and Isolde" and the various numbers of the "Nibelungen," as well as in "Parsifal," for a talented young American conductor who was often with us had all these at his finger-ends, and used to play them to us.

But at the same time, although I was converted to Wagner, I didn't cease to enjoy Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Bellini. I simply enjoyed both; and because I did find beautiful melodies in Wagner, I fail to see why I should not find these in Bellini; in fact it is to this absurd one-sidedness of musicians I attribute the entire discord of the musical camp. They are like some one who, standing before some grand monument, contemplates in raptures the beautiful sculpture before them, crying out in disdain and derision against their neighbours, who do the same on the opposite or neighbouring sides before their visible portion. Art, as I see it, is not one-sided, but many-sided.

From Bülow I could learn nothing; he had his own manner of playing Bach, of playing Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Handel, whilst Chopin he confessed to understand only partly, and Schumann he derided. His Bach

lessons were very splendid, broad, manly, and effective; and in Beethoven he was superb. Handel was something different; the traditions for Handel, I am proud to think, lie with English musicians.

Madame Schumann's pupils I found to play all alike, without individuality; but all of them had a clean, beautiful touch, and a musicianly reading; and I could not see the false teaching Bülow complained of.

What gratified me most of all, however, was to find that, in comparison to our grand choruses at home, the Germans were poor and very mediocre; not one of them could compete with any of those raised by us, if I may be excused a Yankee expression—not one; so that my first choral concert was for me a happy disappointment.

So much I learned, and as the month of May was nearing to its close, Peacocke and I were beginning to consider about packing our portmanteaus, and on our next move.

All the time Frankfurt was waiting and expecting Bülow to give a Recital; but, owing to intrigue, the largest hall in the town was refused the great German pianist, and, not caring to play during a long hot evening in a small hall, filled with a great deal more public than it could comfortably hold, Bülow gave the project up, and decided on going to Marburg, where the students of the university there had invited him.

This decided our plans. And so, one lovely summer morning we started for Marburg in company with Bülow and a few others, and took our last look of beautiful Frankfurt with many regrets. Of course we both vowed eternal devotion to two people; but such is human nature and life, we soon forgot our vows, and they too; so, however, did Goethe, and in those days we all adored Goethe. Should this come under the eyes of either Miss C— or Miss N—, I hope they will understand how it was, and allow me in the name of my friend and myself to offer them all our gratitude for the charm and enchantment their sweet presence lent to our happy stay in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

I have still a sprig of jessamine, around which many romantic memories of a sweet June night and a moonlight drive from Eppstein still linger; and Peacocke preserves a wild rose some one gave him at the *Elisabeth-Brunnen*. Can our fair friends acknowledge so much? I imagine I hear them quote Goethe:—

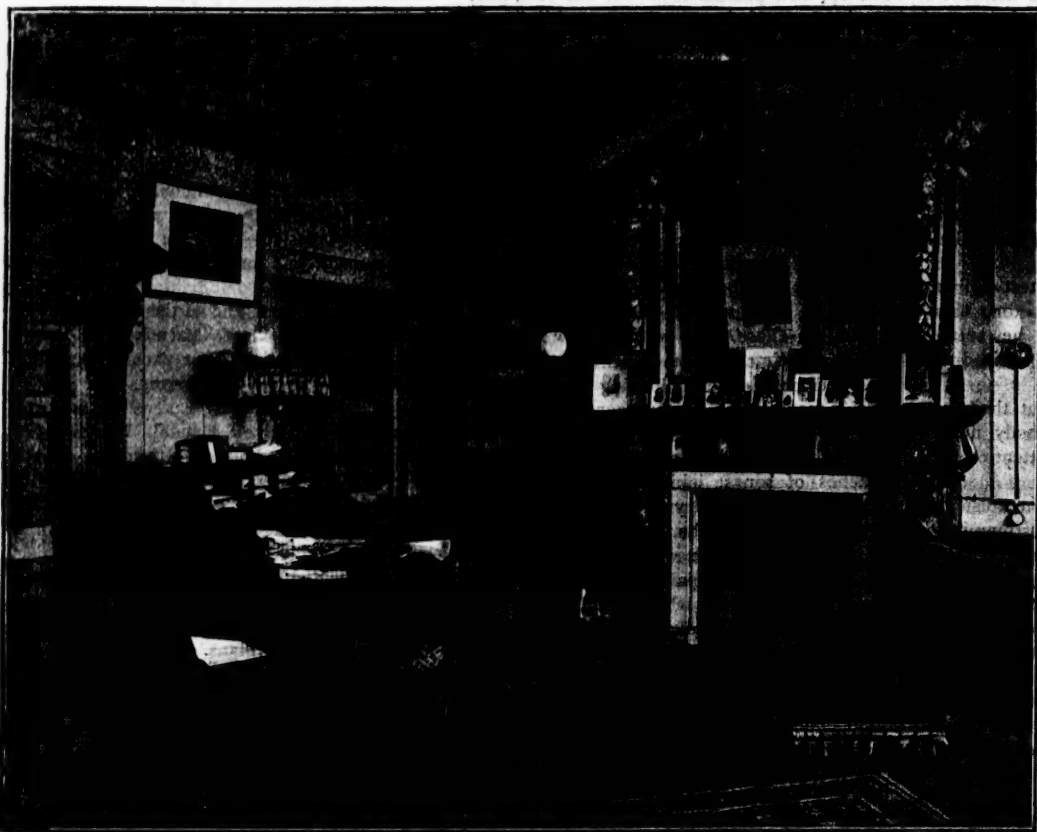
*Schon verloschen sind die Stunden,
Hingeschwunden Schmerz und Glück.*

(To be continued.)

Butterfly-Ballade.

What are these on airy wings,
Delicate and dainty things;
Living only in the sun,
Dying when the day is done?
These are fairies in disguise—
Butterflies!
Then—if this can aught console—
Fickle maidens on the whole
May, in loving but a day,
Prove ephemeral as they—
Merely in some sweet disguise—
Butterflies!

Bernhard Stavenhagen.



HE is the greatest living pianist of the century," said Mr. Daniel Mayer. "No such enthusiasm has been roused since the Liszt and Rubinstein recitals."

Our talk with Stavenhagen's enthusiastic agent and impresario had been of his English tour. Once and again we had heard the great pianist, his wonderful and poetic playing had deeply impressed us, and we desired to meet the man who had entered so profoundly into the spirit of his master Liszt, and on whom his mantle had fallen.

We were seated in an old-fashioned room of many interesting reminiscences in Bond Street. The house of which it forms part was at one time the residence of the Earl of Burlington, and this was the drawing-room: it still has the beautiful carved mantelpiece and finely moulded ceiling. Later Mr. Sheepshank commenced his celebrated collection of pictures in the same room; on its wall now hang some fine Rembrandts and other etchings, which, with its artistic arrangement and quaint aspect, gave an old-world feeling of repose and quiet. It was here, some few days later, on the 14th February, the eve of his departure from England, that we met Stavenhagen.

To the genius of Liszt, and the power of his influence in the shaping of great virtuosos, Stavenhagen owes the brilliant career of unlimited possibilities that has opened to him. To use Stavenhagen's words—"From seventeen to twenty years of age I studied alone, and at intervals during that period played in public in different parts of Germany, but never with any success. I thought at that time of giving up playing, and devoting myself solely to composition, when a happy chance brought me into contact with Liszt."

"What were the circumstances of your introduction to Liszt?"

"It was through Arthur Friedheim, at that time one of Liszt's most famous pupils. I happened to attend one of his recitals, and his playing made a wonderful impression on me. I afterwards met Friedheim, who, with Bülow, persuaded me to go to Liszt. I went, and from the time I saw him till his death remained his pupil. What delightful musical memories and happy recollections of days spent together in Weimar Liszt's name excites! The great privilege I enjoyed of learning the spirit in which he regarded the compositions of Chopin, Beethoven, and other great composers! I never heard an artist *speak* like Liszt did on the piano; he made it sing. This penetrating musical quality of touch was the charm of his playing."

Stavenhagen was the constant companion of his great master. In his salon on the second floor of his residence, in the Grand Ducal Gardens at Weimar, he heard him play over two hundred times. Although Liszt was ever ready to aid young pianists from the fund of his knowledge, he was exceedingly discriminating, and gave in plenty only to those who evinced uncommon aptitude. Liszt's playing was a revelation to Stavenhagen. The elder man took the younger, woke him, gave him his start, and immediately and astonishingly nourished him. Stavenhagen put his whole soul into his work, and by the intuitive power of his mind grasped the wealth of experience of the great piano virtuoso, and made it his own. After six weeks with him, Liszt said he never met any one who made progress so rapidly, or who had laid so thorough a foundation in pianoforte playing by the study of the great masters.

"In his later years," said Stavenhagen, "Liszt

developed a new school of playing the classic masters; each composer he interpreted with simplicity, according to his individuality; for instance, Beethoven's music he would allow no interpolation of expression. Until I was nineteen I had never studied Liszt's music. I did not like it; but that was because I did not understand it," he naively explained.

To-day no living pianist performs Liszt's compositions so well as Stavenhagen, and he seems to be the only pupil that has inherited his master's incomparable style. So thoroughly is he penetrated with his master's spirit that he feels it incumbent on him to follow in his steps at Weimar, where each summer he gathers round him pupils, whom he teaches, as Liszt taught, without fee, and imbues them with the tradition of the master.

Like Liszt, there is a personal charm and fascination about Stavenhagen. He is full of magnetism, and exerts a distinct influence over others. He is ardent, earnest, has an intuitive perception of men and things. Hence he is popular in the social circle, and exchanges thoughts and feelings in a warm and earnest manner; he has admirable managerial ability,

and fortune has favoured him with unusual mental power. So far from there being any of the professional jealousy so common among artists shown to him, all with whom he has come in contact, from Rubinstein and Bülow downwards, love him. When at St. Petersburg he was the guest of Rubinstein, at whose concerts he played, and the two have a great friendship and mutual admiration for each other.

Stavenhagen made his first appearance at the London Popular Concerts on Saturday, January 18th. The young artiste seated himself before the instrument amidst warm applause. His first solo was Chopin's Prelude in D flat. The character of the piece seemed suited both to the mood of the pianist and the wintry afternoon. As the music proceeded, the hush that had stolen over the assembly seemed to intensify. By the very perfection of his art, the performer made his audience oblivious of his presence, consciousness of the composer's meaning alone remained. His playing carried one away from the present into a new world. He afterwards played Liszt's Rhapsody in C sharp minor, and gave Liszt's transcription of Paganini's Caprice in E as an encore.

When he appeared at the Crystal Palace on February 8th, the thought that Stavenhagen would play overshadowed every other. He came, and played Liszt's "Danse Macabre" for piano and orchestra. It was so intensely real and beautiful in its weirdness, that the "Dance of Death" absolutely confronted one. He afterwards played the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12, and Schubert's minuet in B minor.

Stavenhagen's playing is like a beautiful dream, not to be forgotten. His power is truly marvellous, yet his delicacy of touch and shade are equally wonderful. If he plays a pianissimo passage, the effect is as clear and

sweet as a perfectly attuned silver bell, his graduated increase and diminution of tone is the acme of artistic finish, and, while apparently dealing the piano heavy blows, he never ceases to be melodious.

Some time ago the critic of the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung* pronounced d'Albert to be the "master of the present pianists," but, after the brilliant victories achieved by Stavenhagen of late, confesses himself somewhat embarrassed, but cleverly extricates himself by fancying himself in the position of the man who, asked whether Schiller or Goethe were the greater poet, answered, "Thank God that you possess two such men!"

Bernhard Stavenhagen was born at Greiz, the capital of the small German principality of Reuss. He began his musical education when five years old by taking lessons from Herr Urban, the town organist of Greiz; in his twelfth year he went to Berlin and studied for a year under Theodor Kullak. He then entered the Königl. Hochschule. At sixteen he placed himself under the tuition of Professor Rudorff, who was second director of the Berlin Academy, and whom Stavenhagen considers "the finest teacher in Germany, and one of the greatest contrapuntists." Of Rudorff he learnt for a year, and at the same time studied theory and composition under Keil, the famous Theory Professor. The result of his studies was that he gained the Mendelssohn prize at the age of eighteen.

We must not omit to recount one amusing anecdote of Stavenhagen, which at the same time shows his good nature. While giving a recital at Liverpool, a police officer came into the artists' room, holding a blue paper. Stavenhagen, remembering his experiences of the Russian police, and being unfamiliar with English ones, quaked at the sight. The official came up and sternly requested his signature to this paper. Stavenhagen wanted to know why. "It is for Miss Brown," was the reply. "But Miss Brown isn't the Government?" "No," said the official, "but Miss Brown is my daughter." This way of getting an autograph amused Stavenhagen immensely, and he forthwith signed the paper.

Our readers will be glad to hear that this great pianist returns to England on May 18, for three weeks, during which time he will give a recital in London. He left England for Germany on February 14. On his way back he played at Liège on the 15th and at Bremen on the 18th of February.

Edinburgh Musical Notes.

THE REID FESTIVAL.

THE jubilee year of the Reid Concerts had additional interest lent to it, inasmuch as the conditions under which the Festival has been given for so many years past will in future be entirely changed. Whatever form the "Reids" of the future may assume, it can hardly be expected that the musical public will attach the same importance to them, as the most rabid home ruler must admit that we are certainly not in a position to furnish concerts that will in any way compare with those given by Sir Charles Hallé and his magnificent orchestra. But it is this same musical public who are directly responsible for the abandonment of the present scheme. The Commemoration Concert has always been an assured financial success, the sum at the disposal of the Professor of Music being amply sufficient to ensure against loss. But for several years past the two supplementary concerts, which

are practically as perfect in every detail as the "Reid" itself, have met with miserable support. As these concerts have no special fund to fall back upon, the monetary loss to the Professor of Music, not to speak of the worry and anxiety, must have been very serious indeed; and it says not a little for the courage and perseverance of Sir Herbert Oakeley that, despite the lamentable lack of support from the music-lovers of Edinburgh, he has continued to give these concerts for several years at a great sacrifice. Such a state of matters, however, could not go on much longer, and on Saturday the 15th ult. Sir Charles Hallé's orchestra was heard for the last time in Edinburgh, so far, at least, as the Reid Festivals are concerned; and, it may be added, there seems very little prospect of the band being heard in Edinburgh under any other auspices.

The concerts which took place on the 13th, 14th, and 15th were as usual of the most successful and pleasurable character. At the Commemoration Concert the Music Hall was crowded with an audience which included representatives of all the learned professions, and much of the beauty, wealth, and rank of the city. The programmes at the first and third concerts left absolutely nothing to be desired, and, although space requirements will not permit of a detailed description of these performances, it need only be said that the orchestra were never heard to greater advantage, their playing from first to last being absolutely irreproachable. At the second concert the Choral Union made a very creditable appearance in Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang"—an experiment which seemed to be received with universal favour, and was on the whole perfectly successful. The soloists were Lady Hallé, Madame Annie Williams, and Mr. Edward Lloyd.

The Reid Festival this year was preceded by a series of articles in a morning newspaper pointing to the desirableness of some reforms being introduced in connection with the Chair of Music. Stipulated by these articles, which after all told us nothing new, but were merely a rehash of similar productions which have appeared over and over again, the wire-pullers in certain quarters have been displaying extraordinary activity. Meetings have been held, and resolutions passed urging the necessity that exists for reform, and offering to furnish evidence before the Scottish University Commission to the effect that the Chair of Music under present conditions is a wretched fiasco, being neither ornamental nor useful.

Every one who knows anything of the history of this hapless Chair will readily admit that, with all the advantages it possesses, more practical and valuable results might not unreasonably have been looked for. But on the other hand, the failure to show such results cannot with any degree of fairness be attributed to the present holder of the Chair. His side of the question was very aptly described by the newspaper scribe in the line, "He has been the victim of an impossible position;" and it is within the knowledge of all who have had the privilege of conversing with Professor Oakeley on this subject, that no one more bitterly regrets the comparatively narrow limits within which his energies are confined more than the present occupant of the Chair. It is on this ground, therefore, that a strong protest may be lodged against the vituperation with which Professor Oakeley is systematically assailed.

TAKING advantage of the presence of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé in Edinburgh, the Society of Musicians arranged a reception in honour of Lady Hallé in the Waterloo Rooms on the 15th ult. Thanks to the untiring energy of that most assiduous of secretaries, Mr. J. C. Dibdin, a very representative gathering of ladies and gentlemen were present to bid farewell to the distinguished violinist, and her equally distinguished husband. After a few words of welcome from Mr. Schweitzer and Mr. Lichtenstein, Sir Charles Hallé replied on behalf of his wife.

Referring to certain paragraphs which have recently appeared in the press, Sir Charles remarked that he had long ago decided that if you wished to learn all about your own affairs, the best thing to do was to look in the newspapers. In these paragraphs he had read with feelings of pain and amazement that his band was about to be dispersed for ever. Con-

sidering that just a few days before he had re-engaged every man, and had already fixed concert and festival dates, he could hardly believe his eyes; but long experience had taught him that, no matter what he had done, the newspaper man knew best. As matter of fact, however, his band would be brought together again next October, but he was sorry to say that there was no likelihood of the orchestra ever again being heard in Edinburgh. Sir Charles then went on to explain his reasons for this decision, remarking that although poor attendance at the Supplementary Concerts made no difference to him in a monetary sense, he had long ago become convinced that Sir Herbert Oakeley was year after year sustaining a considerable loss out of his own pocket; and apart altogether from the very decided objections he had to his band playing to long rows of empty benches, he had determined that he would not be the means of causing Professor Oakeley,—whose attitude, under circumstances of the most depressing character, was the subject of a very high compliment from Sir Charles,—any further loss in connection with these concerts. Sir Charles then alluded to one or two of the criticisms in the Edinburgh newspapers regarding the performance of one or two numbers at the Festival Concerts, and for about ten minutes the critic or critics particularly concerned had a most unhappy time.

Lady Hallé, on the motion of Mr. Waddell, was elected an honorary member of the Society. The proceedings, which lasted a little over an hour, then terminated. As an experiment, the Society of Musicians may be congratulated on the success of their first reception.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH has been giving recitals here to overflowing audiences. Manx Concerts may be a risky enterprise, and Reid Concerts may prove a financial failure, but Mr. Grossmith in the same hall has had to turn hundreds away who could not find even standing-room. Here is a problem for the modern musical reformer to solve. Mr. Grossmith's entertainments are exceedingly enjoyable, and the large audiences that have assembled to hear him have testified in every way their entire satisfaction with this clever and versatile artist.

THE concerts given in aid of the Railway Guards Friendly Society took place last month. Both concerts were well attended, and the musical fare provided was of excellent quality. Messrs. Durward Lely and Signor Foli were included in the company, and the singing of Miss Larkeom and Miss Agnes Janson was also much appreciated. The concerts were managed by Messrs. Wood & Co.

THE Free Kirk in Scotland seems to be progressing musically in leaps and bounds. A Glasgow correspondent writes:—

"At the end of the street in which I reside stands a Free Church. Not long ago the question of introducing an American organ was started, and this was valiantly opposed by a proportion of the congregation. However, the weaker had to go to the wall, and the instrument was duly established in the church, but up to this date no introductory or concluding voluntary is allowed. Imagine, then, my surprise when on passing the church lately I noticed a large bill pasted to its sacred walls announcing a musical and elocutionary recital to take place *within the church*; Mr. Alexander Lucy from the Conservatoire, Leipzig, being the pianist, and a Bechstein piano from Messrs. Paterson & Sons to give forth the sweet sounds. Prompted by keen curiosity, I procured a ticket, price 1s. each, and took my place in a pew at the appointed hour. Sure enough there the piano with 'the lid histed' (as Adams has it) standing right below the pulpit, while the American organ was stowed away in a corner. In due course Mr. Lucy appeared, bowed to the audience, and the next minute the sacred walls of the Free Kirk were resounding with the strains of Mozart's Fantasia (C minor) and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 12. Then we had a recital named 'Hoop-la!' after which Mr. Lucy again favoured us; this time to Beethoven's E minor Sonata, and so on through the programme. Only those who have known the Free Church of Scotland for the last eighteen or twenty years can realize the significance of such a performance."

The Strange Story of a Pianist.

III.



THEN SHE WENT CLOSE UP TO THE PORTRAIT.

FOUR years passed away after the events just related, and I had seen and heard nothing of David Thorburn. I only conjectured that he was still in the land of the living from the fact that I had read no notice of his death, which would certainly not have escaped the paragraph-monger. Meanwhile events had been taking place in my own life, important enough in themselves, to prevent my giving many a thought to the friend of my boyhood.

I had at last settled down to the business of life as a stockbroker. Imagination is not a necessity for a stockbroker. Indeed it is, in the long run, better both for his clients and himself that he should be without it. I had already established a reputation among a small circle as an eminently "safe" man. I never advised speculations in which I knew the betting to be two to one against my clients. Consequently, though they may not have turned their money over as often as they could have desired, it still remained in their own possession.

As soon as I had felt assured of a modest but comparatively regular income, I had allowed myself that last luxury in which a man indulges now-a-days—a wife. Eugenie, for that was her rather elaborate name, was, of course, a complete contrast to myself in almost every particular. She was of a highly romantic disposition, and possessed a poetical vein, which occasionally found vent in the corners of magazines and newspapers. In spite of this, however, my wife prided herself on being a domestic economist, and in the midst of her highest flights often startled me by the unexpected practicality of her ideas and suggestions.

The first summer after our marriage a knotty question, and one oft discussed between us, was, "Where shall we go for our holiday?" It was necessary to fix upon a place which should combine the rare qualities of beauty, cheapness,

and freedom from the tourist tribe. Eugenie inclined towards Brittany, some out-of-the-way little place, where we could do as we liked, and live on nothing a day. I had my doubts of this plan. I knew something of Breton hotels, and I had got beyond the age at which one enjoys living on nothing a day. I should have preferred some comfortable and not too sought-after little English watering-place. But my wife was quite determined that we must cross the Channel, for, like the gushing lady of historic memory, she thought "abroad was such a nice place."

One morning at breakfast about a fortnight before the date at which our holiday was to begin, we were again discussing the all-important question as we read our letters. About half-way through my pile I came upon an envelope bearing a foreign post-mark, and addressed in a hand the sight of which made me utter a cry of surprise and pleasure.

"What is it?" asked Eugenie, who is the most inquisitive of beings. I quickly ran through the letter, which was from David Thorburn. It was very short, merely containing an urgent request to me to come to him. He described himself as ill and depressed, and appealed to me, for the sake of our old friendship, not to fail him. The letter was dated Schloss Nixenstein.

I was disturbed and perplexed by this invitation. David had evidently never heard of my marriage, and, much as I wished to go to his aid, it would be clearly impossible to sacrifice my wife and her holiday even for such an object. In reply to a repeated question from Eugenie, I told her that the letter was an invitation to stay from my old friend, David Thorburn, who had never heard of my marriage.

"Where does he write from?" asked Eugenie.

"From Schloss Nixenstein," I replied. "It is about twenty miles from Vienna, I believe,

at the foot of the Styrian Alps. Thorburn is out of health, and wants me to go and cheer him up."

Now Eugenie had heard from me something of Thorburn's curious story, and this, together with the idea of Vienna and the Alps, fired her imagination at once.

"Oh, why shouldn't we both go?" she cried, with cheeks aglow. "No doubt Mr. Thorburn would have asked me if he had known of my existence. Write to-day and tell him you have married a wife, and therefore you cannot come; otherwise you would have been delighted. Then he is sure to invite us both. Think of the delights of Vienna; how we would go to the opera, and the Burg theatre, and

hear Strauss' band, and run about the town, looking up the haunts of Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert! Think of the mountains, the forests, the peasants, the jödeling, and—think of having it all for nothing," she concluded, the practical side of her character suddenly coming uppermost.

"The journey is an expensive one," I said thoughtfully, "but I do not suppose it would cost more than staying in lodgings or hotels nearer home. If Thorburn is so very anxious for my company, I daresay he would be willing to put up with a small person like you. At any rate I will write, as you suggest, to-day, and then he can renew his invitation to us both if he chooses."

"Oh, I am sure he will," said Eugenie; "and how delightful it will be to stay in a romantic old Austrian castle! I could not have desired anything better for our holiday."

My wife proved to be right. By return of post Thorburn wrote to say that he should be delighted to see us both, and hoped that we would stay as long as possible. He trusted that my wife would come prepared for the discomforts of a bachelor's household, and would excuse him from receiving her in person, as he was not equal to seeing any strangers.

Ten days later we were in Vienna, but in consequence of Thorburn's appeal to us to come to him as quickly as possible, we decided to make a short stay in the capital on our way home. Therefore, after resting one night, we continued our journey to the nearest station to Nixenstein. There we found a hired carriage waiting to convey us to the castle. Our road lay through a picturesque, if wild and deserted-looking country. The great Alps seemed to tower quite over our heads, while on either side stretched tracts of dense forest.

After a drive of about seven miles, our driver turned round, and, pointing with his whip, said,

"Schloss Nixenstein." Looking eagerly in the direction indicated, we perceived a building that to our English ideas scarcely deserved the name of castle. A large part had been allowed to fall into ruins, and the remainder was no larger than a good-sized farmhouse. Still, the situation and surroundings were so beautiful and romantic, that our first feelings of disappointment were quickly merged into admiration.

As we clattered into the courtyard, an old man and woman, wearing the now almost extinct costume of the country, suddenly appeared in the doorway. Our driver quickly pulled down our luggage, and then drove away, as if rather relieved at turning his back on so lonely a spot. The old woman informed us in her soft Austrian dialect that the Herr was not well enough to receive us in person, but hoped to see me later in the evening. She then invited us to come and see our rooms, adding that she and her "Mann" would do their best to make us comfortable.

Eugenie went into raptures over the quaint old couple, over the great hall, in which our voices and footsteps resounded as though in a vault, and over some treasures of old china, which she instantly discovered in an old oak cabinet, the sole ornament of our sitting-room. She had come abroad prepared to enjoy herself, and she meant to do it thoroughly.

"I feel as if I were in the Castle of Otranto," she announced. "This is the sort of place where anything might happen, and where one would feel surprised at nothing."

As we ate our supper, which we called an anonymous meal, because it was composed of dishes both the names and ingredients of which were unknown to us, we heard the faint sounds of distant music.

"Who is that playing?" demanded my wife of old Liesel, who hovered round us.

"That is Herr Thorburn, who plays day and night," replied the old woman; and as she spoke it seemed to me that she furtively crossed herself.

"There can't be much the matter with him," remarked Eugenie to me; "he might just as well have had supper with us."

She would certainly have changed her opinion if she had seen Thorburn as I did half-an-hour later. Ill as he had looked four years before, he was then a healthy man compared with what he had now become. In appearance he was little more than a living skeleton, and his great hollow eyes shone with an ever feverish light. His expression was one I could not fathom; it seemed to indicate a sort of morbid apprehension, an undefined dread.

The meeting between us was not demonstrative; we knew one another too well to have need of many words. My first exclamation naturally was,—

"Why, David, what have you been doing to yourself? You ought to see a doctor."

He shook his head.

"There is nothing the matter with me physically," he replied; "and the cleverest doctor in the world cannot minister to a mind diseased."

"But why should your mind be diseased?" I persisted. "All you want is a tonic, and a little cheerful society."

He smiled faintly, and began to talk of other matters. For nearly an hour we talked of old days, and of our doings since we had last met. Then, fearing lest Eugenie should be feeling lonely, I wished him good-night, coming away sorrowful at heart at the pitiable plight in which I had found my old friend. I could not but feel that, whatever the cause, here was a man plainly marked for death.

I found my wife quite happy in the company of old Liesel, who was clearing away the supper.

"She is such an interesting old woman," Eugenie hastened to inform me. "She is seventy years old, and she was born here, and has never been more than five miles away from the place. They are evidently quite old family retainers, for she says her mother lived here before her."



"WHY, DAVID, YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR!"

"Of course there is a family ghost, with which she is on intimate terms," I put in.

"Oh yes!" cried Eugenie; "and Liesel has promised to tell me the most wonderful stories of things that have happened here. But how did you find Mr. Thorburn?" she asked, suddenly coming back to every-day life.

"Very ill, I am afraid," I replied, "though I cannot make out what is the matter with him."

"There he is at the piano again," interrupted Eugenie, as the sound of distant music made itself heard. "Old Liesel says he will play himself into his grave."

The next morning we spent in exploring the castle. It was a curious tumble-down old place. The more ruinous parts had been shut up, and the rest made just habitable with the plainest and scantiest furniture. Liesel and her husband, Seppi, were the only servants.

"None of the young folk will stop," the old woman told us; "they are so silly; they quarrel with their bread and butter because they hear a rat squeak or see their own shadows on the wall. Old people like us can't afford to be so particular."

"Do you ever see or hear anything strange?"

asked my wife, who had been pining all her life for a ghost-story at first-hand.

The old woman hesitated.

"Well, you see, Gnädige Frau," she replied, "my hearing is not so good as it was; but sometimes I think I see things that I know can't be there. My Seppi tells me it is all my fancy. His sight is getting dim, but he pretends he hears all sorts of noises. Of course I tell him that is all his fancy."

Eugenie began to laugh.

"Doesn't it remind you of the three old maids of Lee?" she said in an aside to me. "One was deaf, and one couldn't see."

We had nearly finished our exploration of the house, when we came to a locked door, the key of which Liesel produced from her pocket, and opened for us. This proved to be by far the prettiest and most cheerful room in the house; but we learned that no tenant was ever allowed to occupy it. It had been the boudoir of a former young Gräfin Nixenstein, Liesel told us, whose father, heart-broken at her early death, had put a clause in his will to the effect that no future occupier of the Schloss should use the room, but that everything should be left just as it had been in his daughter's lifetime.

We looked round with pity and interest at the various articles in the little room. There was the dead girl's work-box, with a piece of faded embroidery lying beside it; there was her little old-fashioned harpsichord, her music folio, and her bookshelf full of the works of bygone German authors. On the walls hung several portraits, which we recognised as those of some of the great composers,—Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, and an interesting water-colour likeness of Beethoven. The latter was probably a sketch from life, for it was a copy of no extant portrait of the master. It represented him as a young man, with a face lit up by animation, fire, and the hopes of youth.

Old Liesel sighed and shook her head as she gazed at it.

"Ah," she said, "I've heard my sainted mother speak of him many a time. I don't know if you have ever heard tell of him in England, but he was thought a lot of in these parts. He was a musician, and the poor young lady's lover."

"What!" cried Eugenie and I in one breath.

"Yes," went on Liesel. "His name was Herr Beethoven, and he wrote a song, my mother said, that he called after the young Gräfin."

"What was her name?" gasped Eugenie, in the most intense excitement.

"Adelaide," replied old Liesel simply.

My wife slid her hand into mine. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, Robert," she murmured, "we are the two most fortunate people that ever lived; we are standing on enchanted ground."

Then she went close up to the portrait, and gazed at it as though she would conjure life

into the dark eyes, words from the close-set lips. As she gazed, I was surprised to see her suddenly flinch and move hastily aside.

"Did you touch me, Robert?" she asked quickly.

"No," I replied, "I was only looking at you."

"Somebody seemed to push me aside," she said. "It couldn't have been Liesel; she was too far off. It must have been my imagination."

"I believe your imagination is strong enough for anything, even to push you," I said, laughing. "But let us come out for a walk now. You will get over-excited if you stop in this room."

I spoke not without reason, for her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed, and her hands burning. She allowed herself to be led away, however, with the remark,—

"I intend to have it out with old Liesel this very night. I will make her tell me everything she has ever heard about the Gräfin Adelaide and her love-story."

So we went out and wandered about in the pine woods by which the Schloss was surrounded on three sides. In front of it stretched green meadows, watered by a little stream. When we were tired of the woods we went down to the stream, which, Eugenie was delighted to find, turned a water-mill.

"Perhaps this is the very mill that inspired Schubert's Müllerlieder," she said. "Let us go to the house and see if we can find the 'Schöne Müllerin.'"

We went to the door, and were cordially invited in to rest by the miller's wife, who was friendly but not beautiful. She brought us milk, black bread, and cheese, for which she positively refused any payment. Eugenie, who has the mystic gift of making friends among all sorts and conditions of men, quickly became on the most intimate terms with her.

"Are there any stories about the mill?" asked my wife at length, "or about any miller's daughter who ever lived here?"

"Ach, nein," replied our Müllerin, shaking her head till her earrings jingled; "the mill has been in my husband's family for generations, and there have never been any stories about his women-folk."

All we learned from her was that the meadows through which the brook ran belonged to the Schloss, and were rented by her husband. Before we parted she had promised to initiate Eugenie into the mysteries of cheese and butter making, and finally presented her with a great piece of honeycomb wrapped in paper, which I had to carry home.

We strolled slowly back to the Schloss through the twilight, Eugenie singing at the top of her clear soprano,—

Ich hör' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Thale rauschen,
So frisch und wunderhell.

The few peasants we met stared at us with their sleepy dark eyes, then shrugged their shoulders, and murmured "Verrückte Engländer." But Eugenie only sang the louder,—

Ich weiss nicht wie mir wurde,
Nicht wer den Rath mir gab,
Ich musste gleich hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

When we reached home we found Liesel already bustling about to get our supper ready. As soon as we had finished our meal, I went to pay my visit to Thorburn, who the night before had told me that he never felt well enough to see any one until the evening. I found him looking

no better, and apparently but little inclined to talk. I could not help asking him why in his weak state he spent so much time at the piano, for which there could now be no necessity.

"But there is a necessity," he cried, suddenly springing up; "I can't help it—I must!"

With these words he went to the piano and began to play. I listened entranced for more than an hour, while he played with positively demoniacal brilliancy and power. At length he stopped, apparently in a state of collapse, and begged me to leave him. All he needed, he said, was rest.

I went back to our room, encountering old Liesel in the passage. I found Eugenie in a state of the wildest excitement, and frantic to tell me all she had heard.

"You little think what events have happened in this house!" she cried; "who has lived in these rooms, and perhaps sat in these very chairs."

"Beethoven, you mean," I said, trying to look properly impressed.

"Yes, but not only Beethoven; Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, all the giants who were upon the earth in those days. I must tell you that the Nixensteins were always famous for their love of music and their patronage of musicians, only, being poor, one doesn't hear about them like the Esterhazys and Lichnowskys. Well, Liesel's mother was a foster-sister of the young Gräfin Adelaide. The two were brought up together, and were more like friends than mistress and servant. Liesel says her mother had a good voice, and the Gräfin taught her to sing. The composers and musicians then living at Vienna used to come out in the summer-time and make music at Nixenstein. Among them came Beethoven as a young man. He used to give the Gräfin Adelaide music-lessons. Of course he fell in love with her, as he did with a good many other people, I believe, both before and since. It was at this time that he wrote 'Adelaide' in her honour, which fixes the date at 1797, when Beethoven was twenty-seven."

"Well, why didn't he marry her and have done with it?" I interrupted, feeling anxious to arrive at the dénouement of the story.

"That shows how little you know about the manners and customs of the Austrian nobility," said my wife. "The old Graf would sooner have seen his daughter in her grave than married to a poor musician. Besides, he had always destined her for her cousin, Adolf von Nixenstein, who was constantly staying at the castle. This man was desperately jealous of Beethoven, and it was he who told the father that the young composer had been making love to his only daughter. The consequence was that Beethoven was forbidden the house, and Adelaide was told to consider herself betrothed to her cousin. The poor girl dared not resist, but she fretted herself to a shadow. You must know that Graf Adolf was a magnificent pianist, and possessed extraordinary execution; but his *fiancée* never cared to listen to him, because she was always thinking of her lost lover. Adolf guessed this, and it drove him wild with jealousy. Well, one evening, shortly after the young Gräfin had retired to her boudoir to brood over her grief, the whole household was startled by the sound of a pistol-shot coming from the direction of that room. They rushed to the door, but found it locked. When they forced it open, they found the Gräfin Adelaide dead in her chair, with a pistol lying on the ground beside her. Her head rested on a music-book, which was open at the last piece that Beethoven had written for her, an unfinished Album-blatt. Of course every one thought she had killed her-

self, except one doctor, who always maintained that the wound in her head could not have been the work of her own hand. The father [was overwhelmed with remorse, and died shortly afterwards. Graf Adolf inherited the estate; but he went off to travel in distant lands, and never returned to his own country. He allowed his younger brother to live in the old Schloss, and he and his wife seem to have kept up the musical traditions of the family. It must have been in their day that Schubert and his friend Vogl used to stay here. There, sir," she concluded, "what do you think of that for a romance in real life?"

"It all hangs together very well," I said, hesitating; "but how did Liesel know so much about it? She cannot have been born at the time the tragedy took place."

"No, you unbelieving Jew," cried my wife, "but she has heard the whole story a hundred times from her mother. She says it was one of the greatest treats of her childhood to be taken into the Gräfin's room, and hear her mother's stories about her young lady, and about the musicians whose portraits hang upon the walls."

"Well, it is a curious tale," I said; "it certainly does look as if the jealous cousin had had a hand in the girl's death. Otherwise he would hardly have left his own country and remained in foreign lands for the rest of his life. Did you hear to whom the Schloss belongs now?"

"Yes; it still belongs to a Graf Adolf von Nixenstein. I suppose the original Adolf must have died in foreign parts, and left a son behind him. Liesel says no one here has ever seen the present owner; all the business is transacted through a lawyer in Vienna."

"No wonder the house is supposed to be haunted," I remarked. "The mere fact of that room having been shut up for three-quarters of a century is enough to account for any amount of ghosts."

"Liesel tells me there are quantities of curious and interesting things in the house," went on my wife,—"manuscript music of the last century, ancient musical instruments, chests of old finery, and priceless china. I mean to root them out, and see what treasures I can find, on the first rainy day. Liesel says nobody would object, and, of course, I shan't do them any harm."

"Well, take care you don't unearth the ghost among the other curiosities," was my reply.

(To be continued.)

A NEW School of Music is about to be started at Poplar by Mr. Lloyd Edwards. An inaugural meeting will be held in the Poplar Town Hall early in March. The new institution is to be called the Poplar School of Music.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet is to be placed on the door of the house in Würzburg where Richard Wagner wrote his early opera, "Die Feen." It seems rather hard that a man's youthful follies should thus be commemorated.

AN interesting production at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, was that of Peter Cornelius' comic opera, "The Barber of Bagdad." The work has been warmly praised by New York critics, one of whom says:—"The libretto, written by the composer, who, like Wagner, was a composer-poet, has not much more action than is usually found in a modern comic opera, but the language is sprightly and refined, and even highly witty; and such is the music, which is thoroughly original and charming, fresh and spiritual, and the orchestration of which shows a master hand in delicate colouring and characteristic effects."

Foreign Notes.

CERTAIN of the shareholders of the San Carlo, at Naples, have, according to the Italian papers, taken the extraordinary step of refusing to pay their subscriptions, owing to the death of Gayarre. How on earth the director could have helped the catastrophe, or by what methods he could resuscitate that popular tenor, are not disclosed. Yet clearly all that the manager can do is to get the next best tenor available, and that he is taking steps to accomplish.

A NEW composer, who, according to Herr Lessmann, promises to become a figure of considerable importance in the musical world, has just appeared at Berlin, in the person of Friedrich E. Koch, a cello player in the Königliche Kapelle of Berlin. Herr Koch gave a concert on the 6th ult., consisting entirely of his own compositions, a symphonic fugue for orchestra, a string quartette in G, a symphony, "Von der Nordsee," and some songs for a baritone voice. (Of all the instrumental works Herr Lessmann speaks in terms of very high praise.

It is said that, owing to the depression caused by the numerous deaths from influenza in Spain, Herr Angelo Neumann has abandoned the idea of taking his company there to perform Wagner's "Ring." Herr Neumann might give us a few trials in London: it cannot be supposed that the eight years that have elapsed since it was last performed have not witnessed an enormous increase in the appreciation of Wagner's later works.

AMONG recent deaths we read that of Pastor Schubring, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, and if not actually the compiler, at least an active collaborator in the books of words of both "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The worthy divine was in his eighty-fourth year, having survived the composer more than forty-two years.

A CURIOUS decision is that of the committee on public examinations of the Paris Conservatoire, by which they decree that henceforth the vocal and operatic classes shall study only classical or such modern works as have been publicly produced at least ten years.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL, the great Leipzig publishers, have in the press a beautiful new edition of the vocal score of "Lohengrin." It is in large octavo size, with English text above the German, showing that it is principally intended for sale in this country. The English translation is a new one, from the pen of Mr. F. Corder, and the engraving is executed with unusual care, the proofs having been in hand for nearly two years. If any exception may be taken, it would be to the printing of all the numerous marks of expression, indications of instrumentation, etc., in both German and English, with the result of crowding up the pages unnecessarily. Why this objection of Germans to the use of the Italian language as an international medium for these matters?

THE result is just announced of the competition for the Beethoven composition prize instituted by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* of Vienna. The amount, 2000 florins, is to be equally divided between Herr Julius Zellner (of Vienna) for a piano quintet and Herr Emanuel Tjuka (also of Vienna) for a suite for stringed orchestra. A sextet by Ludwig Thuille (of Munich) was also declared worthy of a prize, and this gives the author the right to compete again in 1891 with the same work. It appears that 22 composers sent in works, among which were 5 symphonies, 2 overtures, 4 orchestral pieces of various kinds, 6 pieces of chamber music, a clarinet concerto, an opera, and 3 choral works. We shall be curious to know whether the competition system is more

successful in Vienna than it has hitherto been in London in developing latent musical ability; but it may be said that Messrs. Zellner and Thuille are already composers of some reputation.

THE Russian Government has lately taken a wise step in the matter of protecting artists against the horde of small and impetuous agents who engage them on the risk of making money, and if they fail in this do not pay the artists. Each theatrical or musical agent has to give bonds to the amount of 15,000 roubles before a permit is granted him to ply his vocation. Something similar to this might with advantage be introduced also in this country.

HECTOR BERLIOZ, the once neglected and now much honoured composer of "La Damnation de Faust," who already has a statue in the French capital, is to have a similar memorial in his native town of the Côte Saint-André, where the inauguration is to take place in August next.

THE present Emperor of Germany is paying particular attention to song culture among the army and navy. The War Office has lately had printed several song-books for unison and four-part male chorus. Besides these there are in existence, and now in use, extra editions of "Song-Books for Soldiers," which were originally written for the Thirteenth Army Corps, for the Royal Bavarian Corps, and for the navy, and the latest addition to this kind of musical literature is a song-book by Baron von Mirbach, of which lately the seventh edition has been printed, and which is dedicated to the Emperor. Some of the great moral courage, discipline, and pleasure in serving in the army is undoubtedly due to the influence the culture of good vocal music and excellent military bands has exercised upon the German soldiery.

AMATEURS who follow the course of concerts in Paris may have noted the great success of Mr. Edward Grieg's music to the drama, "Olav Trygvason," as arranged for performance apart from the stage. It is written for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, and next month will be produced, under the composer's direction, at the Leipzig Gewandhaus.

THE unveiling of the monument to Weber at Eutin (his birthplace) will take place on June 30. The occasion will be celebrated by two concerts (one sacred, one secular) and the customary speechifying, etc. A celebration in honour of Weber without the performance of any of his operas is a little too much like the traditional performance of "Hamlet" with the chief part left out. But it is not to be doubted that what Eutin cannot do in this respect will be done with all honour in scores of other German towns.

VIENNESE papers report the death of Salomon Sulzer, the so-called reformer of the Jewish synagogue music, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born 30th March 1804, at Vienna, and showed such capacity for music that at the age of seventeen he was already chief-cantor of the synagogue. He soon began the great work of his life, the collecting of all the old traditional Jewish airs and the arrangement of them in a form adapted to modern usage. The result of these labours appeared in a work called "Schir Zion" (Songs of Zion). Sulzer himself composed many hymns, and, in order to provide for the proper execution of the music he had arranged, he with great care trained an excellent choir for the synagogue to which he belonged. He was a very good teacher of singing, and for some time a professor of singing at the Conservatoire of Vienna.

THE Beethoven House Society, of Bonn, has come into possession of Beethoven's lost piano. It was made by Conrad Graff, of Vienna. Because of Beethoven's deafness, it had four strings to each key instead of three.

CAN it be true that the managers of the Paris Opera have at last found a contralto? One would suppose so, from the fact that they announce the engagement of a Mme. Consuelo Domenech to appear in the rôle of Amneris in "Aida." But why is she not utilized for M. Saint-Saëns' new opera, which is on the point of being positively perverted for want of a contralto? There is also a talk of mounting the "Etoile du Nord" for Mme. Melba, who would in that case be able to make her third appearance in "mad" parts.

POLITICS and music are apt to clash. Owing to the Anglo-Portuguese difference of opinion, the directors of the San Carlos Theatre at Lisbon were obliged to withdraw "Lakmé," which had been announced for performance, and give "Mignon" in its stead. In the former opera there is an episode dealing with English rule in India.

MISS AMY SHERWIN recently sang the part of the "Queen" in the Huguénots at the Berlin Opera House, but her performance did not find favour in the eyes of the critics. One of the latter gentlemen plaintively asks if they have not mediocrity enough of their own, without importing it from a distance.

ONE of the most interesting events of the concert season at Cologne has been the performance at a Gürzenich concert of Lassen's fine composition, "Christus an die Apostel," for baritone solo, horn, and cello. The solo part was sung by the Dresden baritone, Scheidemantel.

MUSIC in Scandinavia does not often force itself on our notice, but there is musical life there, and we may now and then take account of what goes on. Herr Grieg indeed belongs almost as much to Germany as to Norway; but there are other composers in the northern countries besides Grieg. We learn that during last season several new works by native composers were produced at Stockholm. Two of these are from the pen of Andreas Hallén, the conductor of the Stockholm Philharmonic Society and a well-known composer; the first is a symphonic poem, "Ein Sommermärchen" (A Summer Tale) for orchestra, the second a melodramatic piece for orchestra, entitled "The Young Sten Sture." A violin concerto, by T. Aulin, and a cantata, "The Princess and the Esquire," by E. Akerberg, are also among the novelties produced. Considering what they owe to the old northern literature, it is not surprising to learn that selections from Wagner's later works, particularly from the "Ring," are popular in the northern musical centres, and we may add that the Rubinstein Jubilee was celebrated by a performance at Stockholm of the "Ocean" Symphony.

It will be remembered that Joseph Haydn had a brother Michael, who was also a composer, and not without talent, but who was quite thrown into the shade by the composer of the "Creation." A symphony of Michael Haydn's, forgotten a century ago, has recently been exhumed, and performed at a concert in Dresden, where it was favourably received.

VERDI's "Otello" has been produced with great success by Mr. Abbey in Mexico. Both Madame Albani and Signor Tamagno created a great sensation, and at the close of the performance they were recalled eight times.

PREPARATIONS are already begun for a celebration of the centenary of Rossini's birth in 1892, at Pesaro, his native place, where it is proposed to rebuild the theatre, and have the new building ready for the anniversary.

It is contemplated to produce Goethe's "Egmont" (French version by Adolph Anderer) with Beethoven's music in a series of twelve performances at the Odéon Theatre in Paris. The orchestra of Herr Lamoureux will be responsible for the execution of the music.

The Cameronian's Dream.

Ballad for Baritone Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra.
Poem by JAMES HYSLOP. Composed by
HAMISH MACCUNN for Messrs. Paterson's
Annual Orchestral Concerts. Produced at Edin-
burgh, 27th January 1890, for the first time.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE musician—more especially if he be British, and most of all if he be Scottish—turns to a new work by Hamish MacCunn with more than usual interest and expectation. He not only hopes to find a musical conception and its embodiment alike worthy of each other, but he feels almost a right to expect that the great and growing reputation of the "Young England" school of composition will be more than upheld as Mr. MacCunn's genius grows and expands. Such hopes intensify the disappointment which "The Cameronian's Dream" must give every real friend of the composer. True, the rich orchestration, with the beautiful singing of Mr. Kirkhope's choir, won for the work hearty applause when it was performed. Not only the colour, however, but the design and the drawing must be taken into account when criticising a new work; and it must be said that "The Cameronian's Dream" bears traces of haste in composition and of writing without any call from within. The poem which provides the libretto is not in itself a fountain of inspiration. That a shepherd laddie composed it on the hills of Ayrshire in the midst of scenes hallowed by many a martyr's grave, gives it interest enough and importance enough to a student or a collector of Scottish poetry, but its faults are too numerous to make it worthy of the immortality which it is in music's power to bestow on language. Such rhymes as "Zion—lying," "laughter—slaughter," "before ye—glory," may lie unnoticed in a musical setting; but these are not the least serious faults in James Hyslop's poem, as any one may see who reads it for himself.

The plot is as follows:—"The battle of Aird's Moss was fought on July 22nd, 1680, between Richard Cameron, with about sixty ill-armed followers, and the troopers of Bruce of Earlsburg, numbering one hundred and twenty. The conflict was very fierce, but Cameron's men were overpowered by the overwhelming numbers of their opponents, and forced to flee. Cameron, with eight of his followers, was killed; they were buried where they fell, and a rude monument was erected over their remains. During the battle it is said that a severe thunderstorm broke over the combatants, which is referred to in the poem."

The first number is a solo, "In a dream of the night I was wafted away to the moorland of mist." It begins very quietly and effectively—

1. In a dream of the night I was wafted away to the moorland of mist.

Tuba col Bassi.

The orchestral colouring is very rich; from the first bar we are impressed by the unusual reinforcement of the bass strings by the Bass Tuba. Unfortunately the composer has thought it necessary to illustrate the word "mist" by a triangle—an effect which sounded as far-fetched as it is meretricious.

At the sixteenth bar the tempo quickens and a vigorous accompaniment is given to the words, "Twas a dream of those ages." The words "Minister's Home"

inspires the composer with a cadence which sounds like the embodiment of grim Calvinistic theology.

2. When the minister's home.

Violins. Oboe.

The chorus enters for the first time with the recital of the story. A sweet and simple introduction seeks to paint a fair summer morning, and the principal figure is used to connect the phrases of an otherwise unaccompanied number, which goes easily and with smooth progressions of time-honoured dominant sevenths from F to B flat at the tenth bar; the thirteenth bar lands us in E flat, and the fourteenth in A flat, from which key we are taken back to F by the following short cut:—

3. Simili.

Violins. Oboe.

A light figure for the violins accompanies a chorus which begins thus—

4. And far up in heaven, in the white summer cloud.

Sop. and Altos.

This is repeated for tenors and basses, and one of the most effective pages in the work is where the voices combine at the words, "And in Glenmuir's wild solitude."

5. And in Glenmuir's wild solitude.

Tenor and Bass.

6. Midst derision and laughter, The host of ungodly rush on to the slaughter.

Strings. Cl. and Fag.

"A" drum *ff*, *tr.* This alternation of the keys F and A, and the quaver passages in the accompaniment, are happy devices. The pastoral music of the symphony accompanies the description of "Wellwood's sweet valley which breathed music and gladness," while "its fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness."

Again the figure (Ex. 4) accompanies the same music, this time entrusted to tenors and basses, and its somewhat uninteresting phrases are run to death by the sopranos with the tenors, and the altos with the basses joining in a disposition of parts which even Mendelssohn has not always vindicated. The few bars of delicate instrumentation which conclude this number are worth quoting.

6. bis. The mighty were falling.

Vns. and Ob. alternately.

7. When the righteous had fallen, and the corn-latter was ended.

Cl. Fag.

8. When the righteous had fallen, and the corn-latter was ended.

Ob.

A bass solo—the chief phrase of which is the same as that in Ex. 1—describes the Covenanters lying in the mist, through which they hear at times the ringing of the bridle chains as the horsemen of Earlsburg ride near. If there is any doubt about the heathen character of these men, it is at once dispelled by Mr. MacCunn, who very effectively points out their kinship to the Walkyrs, those wild riders of whom Wagner has sung:—

7. The only difficulty to the orthodox mind is that the helmets are cleaved.

8. The only difficulty to the orthodox mind is that the helmets are cleaved.

The only difficulty to the orthodox mind is that the "helmets are cleaved" to a very similar figure; and it also accompanies the progress of the fiery chariot which bears the souls of the martyrs to heaven. The proper motive of the horsemen—a triplet figure—is very spirited, and is used to accompany the description of the battle. With a lofty disregard of the first principles of self-preservation, the Covenanters betray their hiding-place by singing a verse of a psalm. This is, in a happy device, represented by a verse of the quaint old tune "Coleshill" (entrusted to the rich concert of trombones, horns, bassoons, violas, and bass strings), which might have afforded Mr. MacCunn a legitimate and effective opportunity for "Doric" cadences, more old-fashioned harmonies, and a much slower tempo. The psalm has not died away when we hear the horses' hoofs in the distance—louder and louder, till

Midst derision and laughter,
The host of ungodly rush on to the slaughter.

The battle, in which even the thunder of heaven is said to have joined, is described in a vividly realistic chorus. The climax is really thrilling; the crash, and a long roll on the big drum and cymbals show Mr. MacCunn's fearlessness and success in the use even of unusual elements.

8. The mighty were falling.

The noise of combat dies away, and after two bars' silence, an ascending passage on the strings founded on the diminished seventh in F minor takes us to a tremolo on D flat and B flat in A, which after four bars are incorporated in the chord of G flat. The arpeggio figure accompanies the whole of the last solo, which is heralded by two lines of "Coleshill," spoiled entirely by a tempo even faster than that of its previous appearance. The first few bars will be a sample of its good and weak points.

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9. When the righteous had fallen, and the corn-latter was ended.

10. When the righteous had fallen, and the corn-latter was ended.

11. When the righteous had fallen, and the corn-latter was ended.

The last chorus is a simple setting for alternating solo and chorus, quite worthy of the words.

Stroll.

Trumpet.

Chor. On the

SOLO. On the arch of the rain - bow,

arch.

The char - iot is

The chariot.

etc.

glid - ing.

After 42 bars of this far from exciting subject, according to the programme notes it is "of extreme and lofty grandeur and quite Wagnerian in its working out,"—the chorus relieves us of the chord of C (or more strictly, about 28 bars common chord, 10 dom. seventh on C, and the rest G and (one bar) A!) by opening out into a very commonplace ending, the baldness of which is emphasized by removing the covering of the orchestra. The tremolo dies away, and the last bars give to any one who is familiar with "Coleshill" the unsatisfactory effect of an incomplete cadence. It is the second line of the tune, and sounds pretty much as the second line of "St. Magnus" would, were it used in the key of E as the last sounds of a cantata in which that tune had played an important part.

The work is dedicated to Mr. Kirkhope's choir (whose capabilities Mr. MacCunn had an opportunity of judging when they sang "Bonny Kilmeny" under his leadership last winter). Twelve pages out of forty-eight is not very much to allow a chorus, nor is the work heavy. On the other hand, the solo is very difficult, and few singers could render it as Mr. Henschel did. This will, it is to be feared, prevent many local societies from taking up the work. And it must be confessed that unless an efficient and complete orchestra can be secured, little satisfaction for performers or audience would result from its study.

Adverse criticism is always easier to write, and is supposed to be more attractive to a writer, but it is in no carping spirit that I have written, for no one has higher appreciation of Mr. MacCunn's powers. I only hope that the sum of the criticism on "The Cameronian's Dream" may be a note of warning—warning that we will not be content with anything less than the best from such a pen as his. He has been invited freely and fully to sit down at the feast among Music's favourites. Let him not neglect to put on the garment of inspiration she gives all her guests.

F. S. P.

THE "Bayreuther Taschenbuch für 1890" contains much interesting matter concerning the various branches of the Wagner Society, and the performances of the master's works during the last year, together with a full record of the various books, pamphlets, and articles relating to the subject. In Germany, from July 1, 1888, to June 30, 1889, there were 967 performances of Wagner's works, an increase of 326 over the previous year. The most striking item, however, is that which gives the number of performances "without cuts;" this includes the "Ring" at Dresden (under Schuch), at Karlsruhe (Mottl), and Munich (Levi); "Tannhäuser" at Karlsruhe, and the "Meistersinger" at Bremen and Berlin, with a few other performances.

À Quatre Mains.

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD, MUS. BAC.,
T.C.T., F.C.O., L.MUS., T.C.L.

I. The Pianoforte Duet.

THE limited compass of the harpsichord and early pianoforte, if not presenting an insuperable obstacle to duet performance, at any rate prevented such a performance from acquiring popularity or importance. In reply to a letter addressed to him by the writer of this article, Herr Pauer states that compositions *à quatre mains* were written by various composers during the period 1668-1733. But Franklin Taylor (Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, vol. i. p. 80) names Wolf of Weimar as having composed the first duet about 1760; while according to the same authority the earliest published duets were issued in Dessau about twenty years later, and were entitled "Drey Sonaten fürs Clavier als Doppelstücke für zwey Personen mit vier Händen von C. H. Müller." Johann Christian Bach (1735-1782), the eleventh son of the great Sebastian, called "Milanese," "London," or "English" Bach, from the fact of his having resided in Milan as cathedral organist from 1754 to 1759, and in London from the latter date to the day of his death, has left a sonata, Op. 15, No. 5, published in Berlin. This composition, whatever may be said about the date of its publication, was, if written during or before Bach's residence in Milan, prior to the composition of Wolf before referred to, and if written during the composer's residence in England, Bach's duet may have been the first written in this country. At any rate, the claim of Wolf of Weimar as being the composer of the first duet *à quatre mains* can hardly be substantiated.

With the exception of some early efforts, the only duet compositions written by Haydn were, according to Herr Pohl, a set of variations entitled, "F. Maestro e lo Scolare," which date somewhere between 1767 and 1790. Rétis speaks of a divertimento for four hands by Haydn as having never been published. This composition and the variations above mentioned are probably one and the same work. Three sonatas, numbered respectively Op. 77, 81, and 56, have been proved to be unauthorized arrangements from Haydn's Symphonies.

Of the three musical giants, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Mozart has written by far the largest number, and produced the best specimens of pianoforte duets. These comprise five Sonatas in G, B♭, D, F, and C, a set of Variations in G major, and a Fugue in G minor. The Andante in F, from the Sonata in C, is perhaps the most pleasing and popular movement among the whole series. Herr Pohl describes how Mozart and his sister when on their first concert tour played a harpsichord duet of Mozart's during their stay in London, the performance being considered quite a novelty. In the majority of the editions of Mozart's duets there are included two Fantasias in F minor. These were written during the last two years of his life, and intended for a musical clock, or an organ attached to a clock, or played by clock-work, in a Viennese exhibition. There is no evidence to show who is responsible for the arrangement for four hands. Certainly not Mozart. The second fantasia is the finer of the two. It consists of a masterly fugal movement interspersed with an andante in Mozart's best style. The whole work has been arranged for the organ by W. T. Best, and the Andante, transposed from A♭ major into A major, has been issued in the form of a duet for violin and organ.

Beethoven has left us a surprisingly small number of pianoforte duets, and even these are of little value, either from an artistic or executive standpoint. The best work of the series is the Sonata in D, Op. 6. The remaining compositions include three Marches in C, E♭, and D respectively; eight Variations in C on a theme of Count Waldstein's; and six Variations in D on the melody "Ich denke dein." It seems strange that Beethoven, with his profound knowledge of the capabilities of the pianoforte, did not avail himself more fully of a form in which he would have

been able to have expressed his ideas with even greater breadth and dignity than in the pianoforte solo.

During the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the present century, some slight additions to the existing number of pianoforte duets were made by composers of English birth, or composers resident in this country. Among the former class were Dr. C. Burney (1726-1814), the renowned musical historian, who wrote two sets of "Sonatas or Duets for two Performers on one Pianoforte or Harpsichord," published by Bremner of London; James Hook (1746-1827), and Samuel Wesley (1766-1837), son of Charles Wesley, and father of Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley. Wesley's works comprised a Duet March in D, and two Sonatas, Op. 15, published by Hofmeister of Leipzig. The fact of three leading English musicians thus devoting a portion of their powers to the production of pianoforte duets lends support to the supposition that this particular species of musical composition must have been known in England before the days of Christian Bach. Among composers English by residence, though not by birth, we must mention Muzio Clementi (1752-1832), and his pupil, John Baptist Cramer (1771-1858), both of whom spent nearly the whole of their respective lifetimes in this country. Clementi wrote six sonatas *à quatre mains*; Cramer three.

A favourite pupil of Clementi was the Irishman, John Field (1782-1837), composer of the celebrated nocturnes. Field wrote for four hands variations on a Russian air, a composition of no artistic importance. George Onslow (1784-1853), English on his father's side, but French by birth and residence, has left us Sonatas in F minor and E minor which are said to possess considerable merit.

Returning to the German school, we find Johann Nepomuk Hummel (1778-1837)—next to Beethoven the greatest pianist of his age and school—figuring as the composer of some most important additions to the repertoire of the pianoforte duet. These works, superior to any which had appeared since those of Mozart, included three sonatas and several miscellaneous duets. Among the latter is the beautiful Nocturne in F minor, Op. 99, while the sonatas include the Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 92. This work, if not "remarkably beautiful," as pronounced by one of our ablest critics, is at all events effective and brilliant, without sacrifice of breadth or dignity. Indeed, the latter qualities form the distinguishing characteristics of the first movement. The Andante in E major is remarkable, not only for the simple beauty of the melody of its first subject, but also for the interesting, though perhaps intricate character of its second, while the Finale is so overflowing with pleasing melody, that the critic who described Hummel as "quite incapable of humour," could surely have had but an elementary acquaintance with this work. Next to Hummel, Johann Ludwig Dussek (1761-1812) ranks as one of the best contributors to the pianoforte duet of his day. His works comprise the Grand Sonata in C, Op. 32 and 48; three Fugues in D, G minor, and F major, Op. 64; three progressive Sonatas in C, F, and B♭, Op. 67; four Grand Sonatas in E♭, Op. 72; in F, Op. 73; in B♭, Op. 74; and in E♭, Op. 75; together with an overture, an easy sonata, four sonatas, and three fugues all without opus number. Most of the beauties as well as the peculiarities of Dussek's works for pianoforte solo, are reproduced in his compositions for pianoforte duet. Of the sonatas, the most melodious and interesting is perhaps the one in C, Op. 32.

Joseph Woelfe (1772-1812), the pupil of Leopold Mozart and Michael Haydn, composed a Duet Sonata in C, Op. 17 or Op. 69; three Sonatas, Op. 22; Sonata in G minor, Op. 42 or Op. 46; and a Duet in C, a set of waltzes, and some operatic fantasies without opus number. Woelfe was known to have extemporized duets with Beethoven, who dedicated to him his Duet, Op. 6.

Anton Diabelli (1781-1858) wrote about twenty-four duets in sonata form. Nearly the whole of these were intended for educational purposes, and are only of moderate difficulty. Among them is the "celebrated" Duet in D. Daniel Steibelt (1756-1823) composed three Sonatas, Op. 28, works now entirely forgotten. Ferdinand Ries (1784-1838), the intimate pupil and friend of Beethoven, contributed a large

number of duets, comprising sonatas, variations, polonaises, and marches. Louis Spohr (1784-1859) was the composer of only one pianoforte duet, a Sonata in A \flat , Op. 125, dedicated to Mendelssohn, a work of considerable importance. Friedrich Kuhlman (1786-1832), the composer of the well-known Sonatas, has left nearly twenty duets, including variations upon some of Beethoven's songs. Friedrich Kalkbrenner (1788-1849) composed two sonatas, with other less important works; and among the duets of Simon Sechter (1788-1867), the celebrated contrapuntist, there is an interesting collection of twenty-four fugues on popular melodies. Aloys Schmitt (1789-1866), the author of the well-known technical exercises for the pianoforte, and a teacher who numbered Ferdinand Hiller among his pianoforte pupils, wrote sixteen sonatas for four hands; while his brother, Jacob Schmitt (1803-1853), also wrote a considerable number of pianoforte duets. Carl Czerny (1791-1857) was the composer of many original duets, besides innumerable arrangements, his second published work being a Rondo Brillante for four hands. Cipriani Potter (1792-1871), for some time Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, left a Duet Symphony in D, and other works, about five in all, including the Introduction and Rondo, Op. 8. Ignaz Moscheles (1794-1870), the master, friend, and professorial colleague of Mendelssohn, wrote two Duet Sonatas, Op. 47 and Op. 112, besides the twelve characteristic Duets, Op. 140, dedicated to his grandchildren, and entitled "Domestic Life." These latter duets, as well as the three characteristic duets, Op. 142, resemble, at least in the nature of the ideas they are intended to express, many of Schumann's smaller pieces for two or four hands, such as his "Album for the Young," "Kinderball," and Op. 85. We are further reminded of Schumann by the quaint and highly descriptive titles Moscheles has chosen for some of his duets. Thus Op. 140, No. 3, is termed "Altercation;" No. 4, "Grandfather's Dance;" No. 8, "Grandmother at her Spinning-Wheel;" while Op. 142, No. 3, is entitled "The Boy's Travels on his Rocking-Horse." These amusing titles, to say nothing of the dedication, make it at once obvious for whose use these duets were primarily intended.

Among the numerous Continental composers whose works, written for the most part during the first half of the present century, are not of sufficient importance to require separate notice, are the names of Hyacinthe Jadin (1769-1802), a pupil of Hummel; C. F. Rummel (1787-1849), who has left a Duet Sonata, Op. 20; Anton Eberl (1766-1807), a noted friend of Mozart; Heinrich Marschner (1796-1861), the operatic composer and great friend of Weber; Henri Bertini (1798-1876), the composer of the well-known Pianoforte Studies; Carl Meyer (1799-1862), a pupil of Field; Johann Wenzel Kalliwoda (1800-1866), the composer of various "amusing duets;" and Henri Herz (1806-1888), whose duets consist chiefly of variations upon once popular melodies.

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826) was another great master, who, although leaving abundant evidence of his powers as a composer for pianoforte solo, has, like Beethoven, neglected in a most unaccountable manner the wide field for the exhibition of creative genius afforded by the pianoforte duet. Weber's duets are by no means imposing in structure or difficult of execution. They comprise six easy pieces, Op. 3; six pieces, Op. 10; and eight pieces, Op. 60, the latter set, considered the best of the three, containing pieces which, if slender in construction, are of great beauty in many other respects.

(To be continued.)

To the musical families at present before the public—the Carrodus family, the Hann family, and so on—must now be added the Wilson family. We learn that Miss Hilda Wilson, the popular contralto, her sister, Miss Agnes, and their two brothers, intend giving a series of three vocal recitals in Steinway Hall, beginning on April 16th, continuing on the 30th, and ending on May 20th. The programmes will contain songs and concerted pieces, chosen from the works of old English and foreign composers, as well as from the productions of their successors.

better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, February 1890.

DEAREST ALICE,—This has been a month of months. We seem to have lived in the concert-hall. Florry and Henry have been entertaining quite a succession of artist friends. Their spare room has been occupied in turn by Emile Blauwaert, Bernhard Stavenhagen, Max Heinrich, and Tivadar Nachéz; so that we have had what our American Cousins would call a "high old time." There have been two Philharmonic Concerts. At the first Herr Hugo Becker and Mons. Emile Blauwaert both made a most successful *début* in Liverpool. Herr Becker is a violoncellist of exceptional talent, with a fine pure tone and wonderful technique. There is no clap-trap about his playing; he gains his effects in a legitimate manner, and shows a refined musical feeling in all that he does. Mons. Emile Blauwaert is the fortunate possessor of a fine baritone voice, which he uses to the utmost advantage. He has gained a high reputation on the Continent, and was one of the principal performers in the representations of the Wagner Operas at Bayreuth last summer. In the future, however, he intends to make England his home, for, acting on the advice of two of the principal musical agents in London, he is coming over with his wife and children this spring to take up his abode in the Metropolis. Oratorio singing is his forte, and he could not have a better field for the exercise of this special talent than England, the "land of Oratorios." Among his songs at the Philharmonic Concert was one in his native tongue, namely Flemish, and you would have been intensely amused if you could have seen how the printers of the book of words massacred that poor language. There were not two words correctly spelt. But I do not think the majority of the audience would have been any the wiser, even if the orthography had been correct; so doubtless the printer's version was accepted in all good faith. At the second Philharmonic Concert Madame Laura Zagury and Mr. Max Heinrich were the chief attractions. The latter, unfortunately, was suffering from a severe cold, which increased with such rapidity that he feared he would be unable to sing. Of this, however, neither the audience nor the critics knew anything, and consequently their judgment of his performance was hardly a fair one. I am always so sorry for artists when anything like this happens, especially when they have to appear in a city where their reputation is not yet established. They are between Scylla and Charybdis, for if they break their engagement they incur the everlasting displeasure of the executive; and if they fulfil it, the public forms an entirely wrong impression of their capabilities. Mr. Heinrich was also ill-advised in his choice of songs. An English audience likes at least one song to be in its own tongue, whereas Mr. Heinrich drew his selections exclusively from Wagner and Brahms, thereby incurring the disapprobation of John Bull. Fortunately I had an opportunity of hearing him before he was attacked by his seasonable complaint, and I can truthfully assert that I have never heard a more beautiful baritone. His voice is full of timbre—rich, pure, and true—whilst his method of production is excellent.

Mr. George Grossmith has had a tremendous success here. Twice he filled the concert-room at St. George's Hall to overflowing, and each time numbers were turned away disappointed from the doors. What a funny little man he is! I never saw such a play of facial expression—one might almost imagine he was composed of india-rubber, such contortions does he make. We were one big ache the day following his recital from the immoderate laughter in which we had indulged the previous evening. He was so delighted at his reception that Messrs. Smith & Son have arranged another recital for him on the 15th of March, and this time they have taken the Philharmonic Hall.

Bernhard Stavenhagen also has nothing to complain of with regard to the treatment he has received at the hands of a Liverpool audience. His reception

was most enthusiastic at his last recital. Among the various pieces which he then played was Chopin's Fantaisie Polonaise in A flat. This composition is teeming with such gigantic difficulties that neither Tausig nor Liszt would ever trust themselves to play it from memory in public. Dr. Hans von Bülow knowing this, determined to try it, but his memory failing him, he broke down. Stavenhagen, however, has succeeded where others have failed, for his rendering of it was in every respect a thoroughly perfect one. He leaves England for Germany and Russia next week, and will not return before May, when he will most probably give another recital here, a treat to which we shall all look forward.

On Monday evening the committee of the Art Club gave another of those enjoyable little concerts for which they are fast becoming famous. The star of the evening was Mr. Tivadar Nachéz. This artist has only been heard twice previously in Liverpool. His forte is his octave playing, which he has brought to a degree of perfection such as I have never heard surpassed. In my opinion, his chief failing is an exaggerated sentimentality, which is especially noticeable in his treatment of slow movements. Madame Anderson and Mr. M. Russell Wyer (an accomplished amateur) sustained the vocal portion of the programme in a most successful manner, the other artists being Miss Léonie Michiels, of local renown, and Miss Alice Rensburg, a talented young amateur. These two ladies played Mozart's Sonata in D for two pianofortes, and Hiller's Duet on Weber's "Lützow's Wilde Jagd," also for two pianofortes. Both these items met with unqualified praise, the pianistes being in such splendid accord with each other, that to the listener it sounded as if only one pair of hands were playing. Considering, however, that Miss Alice Rensburg is your namesake, and that she has been on a visit to you only lately, you are sure to know as much about her musical capabilities as I do. Altogether it was a most enjoyable concert, and my only regret is that we shall not have the chance of hearing many more, as the season is so quickly drawing to a close.

We had a flying visit the other day from our friend, Mr. Fred. Cowen. He came down to make the final arrangements with the managers of the Carl Rosa Opera Company for the production of his Scandinavian Opera at Drury Lane this season. With the exception of the instrumentation, the opera is quite finished, and I hope its reception will be such as to satisfy the most sanguine expectations of its composer.

In another week we shall have bid farewell to the Carl Rosa Opera Company for a year. They will have been with us for seven weeks, and their absence will create quite a void in our musical world. "Lulline" and "Romeo and Juliet," the two new operas which have been produced this season, have both met with such signal success, that the directorate should be stimulated to still further efforts next season in the same direction. The members of the Company have held several meetings lately to consider what form the memorial shall take to their late lamented chief, Carl Rosa. The proposition which meets with most support is that of establishing a fund for extending help to members of the Company who are incapacitated from work by sickness. To my mind this is an excellent idea, and the one which I am sure would have had the hearty sanction of the man in whose honour it is to be created. Another idea is to decorate the Court Theatre with a bust of the deceased musician. If this could be done in addition to the establishment of the aforementioned fund, very good; but alone it would be but a poor way of perpetuating the memory of a man who has done more than any other for the cause of national opera in this country. I wish people could be brought to see that the surest way of eternizing the dead is to organize in their name substantial benefits for the living. A statue may be broken, lost, or destroyed; but a memorial which supplies a long-felt want, and which is of special service to those in whose calling the man we wish to honour took a particular interest, will be an everlasting emblem of the veneration and high esteem in which the "memorialized" was held by his fellow-creatures. And now, dear, after having relieved myself of these weighty sentiments, I must bid thee farewell for another month.—With love, ever your affectionate sister,

NETTA.

Accidentals.

WE omitted to mention that the chorus in unison, "O we're a Troop of Goblins bold," which appeared in our January issue, was taken from the Children's Cantata "Dimplechin," by Mr. Thomas Murby, and was inserted by his kind permission.

MR. HENSCHEL intends, under the management of Mr. Vert, to give a series of three orchestral concerts for children at St. James's Hall, commencing April 16. The first programme includes three movements from Bach's Sonata in D, Haydn's Symphony in G, the ballet music from Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," three movements from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music of Mendelssohn, and Rossini's "William Tell" Overture. At each of these concerts Mrs. Henschel will sing some songs with pianoforte accompaniment, at once varying the interest and enhancing the attraction.

MR. F. H. COWEN has finished the composition of his Scandinavian opera for the Carl Rosa Company, and is now engaged upon the orchestration. Mr. Augustus Harris will produce the work, it is understood, at Drury Lane Theatre, during the company's approaching London season.

THE Lord Mayor will take the chair at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians at St. James's Hall on March 4. As he was in youth a semi-professional operatic vocalist, and once wrote a musical criticism, his lordship will doubtless indulge in reminiscences.

MR. W. H. SMITH has declined to recommend Madame Arabella Goddard for a pension out of the Civil List, but has liberally contributed £200 out of the Bounty Fund to the subscription now being raised for her benefit.

A GENUINE claim is put forward in the appeal for recognition of the services rendered to music by Mr. Henry Leslie, who has now definitely closed his public career. A committee, we understand, has been formed at Oswestry, under the presidency of Lord Harlech, and another is being organized in Herefordshire, where, as conductor of the Hereford Philharmonic Society, Mr. Leslie is well known. Londoners, on their part, should not forget the admirable manner in which Mr. Leslie trained and conducted the famous choir which bore his name, or how well he sustained the prestige of English vocal music during many years. Such work deserves its reward.

SINCE her retirement—temporary, it is hoped—from public life, Madame Trebelli has repeatedly been urged to take pupils, and, at last, has consented to do so. The accomplished artist will, we understand, devote two days in each week to vocal and dramatic tuition, accepting as pupils only those who intend entering the profession. It is almost superfluous to add that few teachers are better qualified than Madame Trebelli for the responsibilities of the position she is about to fill.

MR. ORLANDO HARDY, the well-known tenor, is turning his attention to the lyric stage, and has left England for Italy to prepare himself for an appearance thereon.

VERY satisfactory arrangements have been made for the concert to be given on March 15 in aid of the Arabella Goddard Fund. Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Princess Christian head the list of patrons, which contains about 100 names, while the committee is made up of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Miss Janotha, Miss Lehmann, Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Minnie Chapman, Lady Tennyson, and the Princess Czartorysky;

Lord Tennyson, Sir F. Leighton, Sir G. Grove, Dr. Joachim, Mr. Piatti, and Mr. S. Arthur Chappell. Among the artists who have consented to give their services are Miss Lehmann, Miss Mary Davies, Mrs. Semon (Miss Rädeker), Miss Janotha, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Dr. Joachim, Mr. Piatti, and the members of the Royal Amateur Choral Society. It is most satisfactory to find so strong an appreciation of Madame Goddard's services.

A "BERCEUSE" for orchestra by Mr. Charles Santley, the baritone, was performed before the Governor and Lady Carrington at Sydney last month. It is dedicated to Lady Carrington's infant daughter.

ON his sixtieth birthday Dr. von Bülow received from Brahms the MS. score of the third Symphony in F, and from the subscribers to the Hamburg concerts a purse of £500, which he characteristically handed over to a charity.

THE Bach Society will justify the name it bears by giving, on February 25, a night with Bach, the entire programme being drawn from the works of the great old master. Prominent in the selection we find the Church cantatas "Wachet auf" and "Christ lag in Todesbanden," the Concerto in D for two violins (Joachim and Gompertz), and an unaccompanied Motet in eight parts. This should be a rich treat for Bachites. Miss Lehmann and Mr. Plunket Greene will sing.

THE well-known Welsh baritone, Mr. Sauvage, formerly of the Carl Rosa troupe, has recently been on a visit to the United States. The success there achieved by himself and his youthful son, Mr. Tonzo Sauvage, has been so great that both have resolved to settle definitely in America.

THE authorities of Trinity College, London, have spent twenty guineas in the purchase of subscription tickets for the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. These tickets will be given to the selected students as a measure of educational policy. The money could hardly be put to better use.

MR. ALBERT M'GUCKIN, a basso and a brother of the famous tenor, has joined the Carl Rosa Company, where, in order to avoid confusion, he will appear under the name of Mr. Edward Albert.

AN enthusiastic meeting was held at Bristol on Thursday last, when a new scheme was devised and passed for the revival of the celebrated Bristol Monday Popular Concerts, for many years given under the direction of Mr. Riseley in the western city. The resolution was proposed and carried that an annual guarantee fund, not exceeding one guinea a head, should be raised, and it was said that if £500 or £600 were guaranteed, the concerts could be put upon a sound financial basis. At the same time it was admitted that the primary object would be to make the concerts self-supporting. Six concerts will be given at once, and twelve next season, the first part of the programmes being classical, and the second (in accordance with a wish expressed in Bristol), of a more or less mixed character.

THERE is in the new prospectus of the Philharmonic Society's next series of concerts, which commences on March 13th, a preponderance of the foreign element, which may find observant musicians in matter for deep reflections. Into these we shall not attempt to enter, for we are more concerned to notice that, these considerations apart, the programme of the season is one of extreme interest. Dvorák and Moskowski are announced to conduct, the first his new symphony, the second his new orchestral suite, each written for the Society; while Peter Benoit will conduct a selection from his "Charlotte Corday," Luigi Mancinelli his "Scene Veneziane," and Charles Widor his Fantaisie for piano and orchestra, all these being heard for the first time in England. As far as the engagements of soloists are completed, the list in-

cludes M. Sapellnikoff, Signor Buonamici, Mr. Borwick, and Mr. Philipp as pianists; M. Ysaye and M. Ondricek as violinists; and M. Blauwaert and Miss Macintyre as vocalists. The novelties by English composers include an orchestral work by Frederic Cliffe, a vocal duet by Goring Thomas, and the soprano scena from F. H. Cowen's "St. John's Eve." To this it need only be added that Mr. Cowen remains the general conductor of the Society, and it will be seen that the season may justly be looked forward to with pleasure.

THE appointment of Mr. Bevnigani as conductor at the Royal Italian Opera in succession to Mr. Luigi Mancinelli appears to have met with general and unanimous approval. There is no need again to rake up old questions, which during the summer necessarily had to be discussed. It will suffice that the return of Mr. Bevnigani to the post which he held for eighteen years, from 1870 to 1887, has been hailed with satisfaction by all friends of the Royal Italian Opera. To Mr. Bevnigani Mr. Harris will probably entrust the direction of "Tristan und Isolde," which it is now practically settled shall be the principal Wagnerian novelty of the forthcoming season. Mr. Arditi will likewise be one of the conductors.

THE name of Godfrey has so long been associated with success in military music, that it is not surprising to find Mr. Dan Godfrey, junior, in the character of a "passed" examinee at the Royal Academy of Music—subject, band-mastership and arrangement for military bands. The examiners were Messrs. J. Hartmann, Kappey, and F. Corder; Messrs. Dan and Charles Godfrey, who usually act on these occasions, standing out because of their relative's candidature. It is somewhat strange that the successful young musician is still disqualified for a military band-mastership, the rule of the service being that all regimental band-masters shall go through the full course at Kneller Hall. However, the son of the genial and popular "chief musician" of the Grenadiers has abundance of occupation in conducting the London Military Band and that of the Corps of Commissionaires.

ON Wednesday, January 8, a conversazione took place at the new Cecilia Literary and Musical Institute at 39 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, to celebrate its opening to the public. Dr. Turpin presided, and in the course of a long and interesting speech he said that the Cecilia Institute was calculated to meet a great want, felt especially by members of the musical profession, and he thought the Institute would be well supported as soon as its existence was known, and that it would become a useful and permanent institution. The music was carefully selected and well rendered, the performers being the Fraser Quintett (lady instrumentalists), and Mr. T. W. Turner, tenor vocalist. The only recitation of the evening was impressively given by Mr. Thane. Among the attractions were a phonograph and stereoscopic apparatus, exhibited by the Stereoscopic Company; and a valuable collection of seals and dies, many of which are historically famous, exhibited by W. J. Taylor & Sons, medallists, of Red Lion Street. The meeting dispersed about 11 P.M. We understand that both ladies and gentlemen are eligible to become members, and that there is provision for country as well as town subscriptions. Particulars will be sent on application to the secretary at the Institute.

AT the concert given by the Cardiff Orchestral Society on February 5, a miscellaneous programme was performed. The vocalists were Miss Rees and Mr. Watkin Mills; the solo violinist, Miss Anna Lang. At the third concert of the season, which will take place on April 9, Madame Georgina Burns, Mr. George Manners, and Mr. Haydn Parry will be heard.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been set on foot to raise a monument over the grave of the famous basso, Carl Formes, whose death in California was recently recorded. The monument will take the form of a white marble cross.

Notes from Leeds.

DURING the past month there has been little good music to be heard. At the Subscription Concert Sir Charles Hallé again brought his orchestra, and an excellent programme contained Mozart's G minor Symphony, Beethoven's C minor Concerto, in which Mr. John Dykes proved his ability as a sound pianist,—the whole of the orchestral portions of the Midsummer Night's Dream music of Mendelssohn's, played in a manner comparing in many respects very favourably with the recent Festival performance of the same work; and also contained Wagner's poem "Siegfried Idyll," as well as one of Svendsen's Norwegian Rhapsodies. Fortunately for the audience, Miss Macintyre had so far recovered from her severe attack of influenza as to be able not only to appear, but to give powerful and earnest interpretations of such contrasted solos as Elsa's Song from "Lohengrin" and the favourite "Robert toi que j'aime."

Mr. Edgar Haddock held another of his Musical Evenings on the 21st January. It was equally meritorious with its predecessors. That charming pianist Miss Jeanne Douste was Mr. Haddock's associate, and together they played, for the first time in Leeds, Brahms's Sonata for violin and piano, Op. 108. The concert-giver was heard to advantage in Bach's air for fourth string, and in a new Berceuse by his brother, Mr. G. P. Haddock, a little piece which proved very effective, and of greater beauty than difficulty. The fair pianist shone in some of Grieg's "Album Leaves," in Mendelssohn's E minor Scherzo, and in fugitive pieces by Scarlatti, Chopin, Brahms, and Mendelssohn. Madame Recoschewitz sang artistically in Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon fils," and Mr. Charles Mannes gave an altogether too free reading of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers."

On February 6 and two following days the Leeds Amateur Dramatic Society gave performances of Mendelssohn's domestic operetta "Son and Stranger," which reached a considerable measure of success.

Plymouth Notes.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THERE have not been many events of general interest lately in the Plymouth musical world; and the few that have taken place have, as a matter of course, suffered from what I suppose must still be called "the prevailing epidemic;" e.g., a most excellent ballad concert was announced for 7th February, at which a strong attraction was the fact that Madame Patey was to sing some favourite songs. However, she was prevented from carrying out fully her part of the programme, from the cause just hinted at. As it was, she bravely put in an appearance, and sang two songs with wonderful effect, considering her indisposition. Plymouth concert-goers were enthusiastic over such an old favourite, even though not at her best. Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli was, happily, free from all impediments to success; and, consequently, all her songs were received with rapturous applause. Mr. Isidore de Lara's unique rendering of his own melodious compositions evidently took the fancy of the audience, and "The Garden of Sleep" was vociferously re-demanded. Mr. Iver M'Kay, Mr. Franklin Clive, and Miss Nettie Carpenter contributed acceptably to a well-chosen programme; while Signor Mattei at the piano and M. Van Biele at the 'cello (the latter especially) gave immense delight to the large audience.

THE "Influenza" has also been at work amongst the members of the Marine Band, with the result that at the last two *matinées* absentees were noticeable. Last Wednesday, indeed, Mr. Froehner himself was too unwell to conduct; but, under the circumstances, a fair account was given of a programme of a distinctly popular order.

A MATTER of some interest to musical amateurs has just been discussed by the members of the Plymouth Vocal Association. In such a society, should the works to be rendered be chosen by the committee or the conductor? That is the question—simple and definite enough—over which the Plymouth Vocal Association has differed with its conductor, with the result of the resignation of the latter. One of the members was industrious enough to write to several eminent musicians, with a view to eliciting their opinions. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir John Stainer, and Mr. Barnby all sent replies, advocating the joint action of committee and conductor in such matters. Mr. Albert Randegger wrote practically to the same effect; but his reply is worth printing *in extenso*—

In my opinion, if a committee of a choral society is composed of musicians, the selection of the works to be performed by the society should be by the committee. If the committee should be composed of musical amateurs or simply business men, a conductor of the society should be responsible for the selection. In any case, however, the conductor should have the right to advise the committee, and his advice should be carefully taken into consideration. As this year I happen to be one of the seven directors of the old Philharmonic Society, I may tell you that we directors select the work, but we are always ready and willing to take counsel and consider the suggestions of the conductor.

I note this local controversy, deeming it to involve a question of general concern to all similar associations. It is because Mr. Pardew is unable to see the matter as viewed by the above-named gentlemen, and also by the majority of his members, that he has resigned his position. However, a new conductor of good local reputation has been appointed, and it is hoped that a society doing such useful work will not permanently suffer by this incident.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Musical Notes.

—:o:—

MR. VALENTINE SMITH, with his "English Opera" Company, has been delighting the "Novocastrians" by giving them an unexpected season of English Opera in the Newcastle Town Hall.

When it was first announced, sceptics prophesied a failure; but far from being a failure, it has been a most brilliant and well-deserved success.

Pantomime season was thought by many to be a very risky time for the production of Grand Opera. In reality Mr. Smith could not have hit upon a better time, as the majority of people get heartily sick of the everlasting nonsense of the modern silly variety entertainments yclept "Pantomimes." Therefore it is not at all surprising that the people seized the opportunity (we are tempted to say Opera-tune-ity, but, in the interests of health, forbear), and were only too glad to have the privilege of enjoying even this brief spell of sunshine which broke in upon the dull, dismal slowness of "Pantomime time." Mr. Smith came—like somebody's pens—"as a boon and a blessing to men," and we are glad he was so practically appreciated.

The operas performed include "Maritana" (twice), "Bohemian Girl" (three times), "La Sonnambula," "Elixir of Life," "Barber of Seville," "Martha," and "The Marriage of Figaro."

The revival of such of the old operas as "The Barber of Seville," "La Sonnambula," and "The Elixir of Life," was thoroughly appreciated.

Night after night vast crowds of enthusiastic admirers filled the hall, and the receptions were most brilliant. Mr. Valentine Smith was in excellent voice, and sang every evening; and, taking into consideration the fact that he has been singing nightly for a few months past, the freshness and purity of his tone is marvellous. Undoubtedly Mr. Smith is a great tenor, and we trust that he will meet with success wherever he goes.

Mr. Smith is backed by a very powerful company, who have greatly assisted him in making his visit such a triumphant success.

On the evening of the final performance—the opera being "The Bohemian Girl"—after an

enthusiastic reception and many encores, Mr. Smith, in response to very decided and unmistakable demands for a speech, said he most heartily and sincerely thanked the people of the North for the hearty way his company and his own efforts had been received during his season of opera in Newcastle. (Cheers.) Before he came he was told that the giving of a season of opera extending over a fortnight in the city was very risky. But he had faith in his north country-men. (Cheers.) The season had been most successful. (Cheers.) The next time he came it would be to give a season extending over three weeks. (Cheers.)

The Sacred Concerts given in the People's Palace on the two Sunday evenings by the company were crowded—hundreds not being able to obtain admission.

The committee of the Newcastle Amateur Choral Society have announced their first concert of the season to be held on Tuesday evening, February 18th, when it is intended to produce Bellini's opera, "La Sonnambula," with full orchestra and chorus (estimated at 250 performers).

The orchestra will be under the leadership of Mr. J. H. Beers, and will consist of the leading amateurs of the locality, assisted by the principals from Mr. John Amer's famous band. Their second concert of the season will be given at the end of March, and will be of a miscellaneous character, the programme including selections from Verdi's "La Traviata," Auber's "Massaniello," Weber's "Der Freischütz," etc. The Society confine themselves solely to the study of operatic choral work.

So Madame Patti is coming to Newcastle at last! The managing committee of the Constabulary Concerts have announced that they have secured her for their next concert, to take place in the Tyne Theatre.

The "Bewick" Club are holding their annual Fine Art Exhibition. The show is better than ever. A *conversazione* is held every Wednesday evening, the music being contributed by the leading amateurs of the district.

The Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society have under rehearsal Haydn's "16th Mass," to be performed at their next concert early in April first.

F. T.

COWEN'S "St. John's Eve" received its second rendering on the 11th ult., being performed by the Gloucester Choral Society. The soloists were Mrs. Bartholomew, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Castings, and Mr. Ineson, with a band and chorus of 200 performers. It is hardly needful to say these did full justice to the parts which fell to their share. The beautiful music in the choruses was excellently rendered. The work was conducted by Mr. C. Lee Williams, Mus. Bac., in rather more than his usual able style.

A MUSICAL prodigy has been discovered at Newcastle. It, or rather he, is eleven years old, and though his hands are scarcely large enough to stretch an octave, he plays (of course) with an accuracy, power, and expression, that many an adult performer might envy. A local doctor of music, having examined the boy at the request of Sir George Elvey, makes the following report:—

"I have to-day heard the little boy William Scott perform on the piano. I consider him a marvel. I have also tried him with some ear-tests, and in every one he was right. It was not necessary to give him the sound of the middle C previously. I put him outside the room, and struck the notes at random, and he never had any hesitation in answering correctly. He can extemporize a little, resolving records correctly, without having any previous knowledge of harmony."

William Scott lost his father a short time ago, and his mother is left without means, and with a family of six children. Efforts are now being made, however, to secure a continuance of his musical education.

Trade Notes.

It is gratifying to know that the guarantee fund of the Philharmonic Society continues to receive additions. The firm of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons has recently sent in its name for £100, and there is now every prospect of the amount assured reaching a figure commensurate with the claims of the historic institution which, by very real links, connects the English music of our day with that of an illustrious past.

The London *Figaro* gives the following details about the life of M. Victor Mustel, the inventor of the Mustel organ, who died recently at the age of seventy-four:—

"Mustel was born at Havre in 1815, and at the age of eleven he was left an orphan, and was thus thrown entirely upon his own resources. The boy pluckily enough apprenticed himself to a shipbuilder, and having served his time he became a master shipbuilder on his own account in the village of Sanvic. It is narrated that the immediate cause of his entering into the musical instrument business was his purchase in Havre of an old accordion, which he attempted to mend and improve upon. From this small beginning Mustel gradually advanced. He purchased various instruments of the accordion type, and noticing their defects he tried to invent an instrument of his own.

"EVENTUALLY, when thirty years of age, Mustel, convinced that a future was open to him in the harmonium line, sold his shipbuilding business and went to Paris with his wife and two children. For nine years he laboured at very small wages in various musical instrument factories in Paris, more particularly in the harmonium branch. When he was nearly thirty-nine he started in business for himself as a harmonium maker, and a year later he patented his 'Double Expression' and his new 'Harpe Eolienne' stop, which, being exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, gained for him a first-class award. It was many years, however, before Mustel could make headway; and as recently as 1866, the receipts from his factory barely covered the expenses. Since then, however, his fame has increased, although the American reed organ has doubtless affected the sales of every class of French harmonium.

"MUSTEL'S 'Double Expression' stop, patented in 1854, was, according to that erudite authority, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, an invention whereby the natural preponderance of the bass tones over those of the treble is, with complete power of increase and decrease in either half, brought under direct control of the player by means of knee pedals, which control the energy and pressure of the wind. The 'Harpe Eolienne' was a tremolo stop with two ranks of vibrators, 2 ft. pitch, offering a gently-beating variation to the unison by being slightly less and more than the normal pitch of the instrument, the impression of which remains unimpaired. Mr. Mustel, shortly before his death, received the grand prize at the recent Paris Exhibition, and was also decorated with the Legion of Honour for his services to French harmonium manufacture."

The following letter from Messrs. Broadwood & Sons appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"To the Editor of the '*Pall Mall Gazette*.'
"SIR,—Please to notify that we are no longer the entire but the joint donors of 'Sister Rose Gertrude's' pianoforte. It appears that a gentleman from whom we have this afternoon received a visit generously offered to purchase an instrument for 'Sister Gertrude' before the publication of your issue of the 21st inst., a circumstance of which you could not have been aware when our letter was printed. Whilst here, the gentleman in question (who desires

to remain incognito) saw and approved of the instrument selected for Molokai, but expressed himself as most anxious and entitled to be the donor; whilst we were equally anxious not to withdraw an offer publicly accepted. The claimant for priority of gift therefore shares with us the cost of a pianoforte, a music-stool, the tin and deal packing-cases, and the shipping charges, freight and insurance, to the port of debarkation.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
"JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS.

"33 GREAT PULTENEY STREET, W., Jan. 22."

THE bodies of Theodore Steinway and his wife, who died at Hamburg, have been brought to America for interment in the family vault at Greenwood.

MESSRS. BEHR BROTHERS & Co. have just introduced a new Patent Stringing Method, of which the account is given:—

"The Behr system of stringing is a most valuable invention, on account of its improvement in the character and volume of the tone, and the increase in the durability of the instrument. This has been accomplished by stringing the sounding-board in such a manner, that the strings of one tone are bent in one direction around the straining-pins, while the adjoining strings are bent in the opposite direction around the straining-pins, so that the strings of the two groups converge toward each other, which is fully shown in the illustration of the new system.

"The new method relieves the lateral strain on the belly bridges and the sounding-board to which they are glued, and, in consequence, adds to the vibratory power of the sounding-board, and thereby enhances the richness and volume of tone, and also adds to the durability of the instrument."

THE *Musical Courier* gives the following account, in answer to a correspondent, of Mr. Virgil's invention, the "Practice Clavier":—

"The Practice Clavier is an instrument for piano practice. It looks something like an old-fashioned harpsichord or spinet. It has a keyboard of 7 octaves, exactly like a piano keyboard. The touch is like that of a piano, with the exception that any weight of touch from 2 to 20 ounces may be used at the will of the player, thus affording a grand means for gaining strength and endurance, as well as delicacy of touch. The instrument may be used as a dumb keyboard, but most people prefer to make use of the clicks—either the down click or the up click, or both. For learning the various qualities of touch the double clicks should be used. The Clavier is used by many of our best teachers here. There are two styles, 5 octave and 7 octave, and the prices range from \$44 to \$65. We believe that some conditional discounts are allowed from list prices. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing the Virgil Practice Clavier Company, 12 East Seventeenth Street, New York."

THE members of the Music Trades' Association are, they state, desirous of meeting with reed organs which will compare favourably in every way with any hitherto manufactured. They therefore propose to hold a competition, open to manufacturers throughout the world, for these instruments, of which the following are the specifications:—

No. 1.—5 octaves, F to F—1 row reeds, 8 ft. pitch—knee swell. (Height of case about 4 ft.)

No. 2.—5 octaves, F to F—1 row reeds, 8 ft.—3 octaves, 8 ft. (Celeste quality)—1 octave, Bourdon 16 ft.—2 couplers (the treble coupler to couple upwards, and the bass coupler downwards)—2 knee swells and vox humana (fan). (Height of case about 4 ft. 6 in.)

No. 3.—5 octaves, C to C—3 rows reeds, 4 ft., 8 ft., and 16 ft. pitch—2 couplers (the treble coupler to couple upwards, and the bass coupler downwards)—2 knee swells and vox humana (fan). (Height of case about 5 ft. 6 in.)

All organs are to be tuned to the Philharmonic pitch (C 540 vibrations).

THE instruments must be of the best description, and attention paid to apparently insignificant details, especially with regard to the voicing, they must be warranted in every way.

If satisfactory, 100, 200, or more instruments of each class will be required in a year.

Conditions.—The organs are to be placed in the large hall of the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, London, W., on Tuesday, June 10th, next, between the hours of 7 A.M. and 10 A.M., and taken away on the morning of the 12th before 10 A.M., free of all charge.

To ensure a fair trial, no maker's name to appear on any portion of the instrument, but a motto fastened on instead at the treble end. The indicators will be chosen by ballot from practical selectors. The result will be sent to every competitor.

The members of the Association will be invited to inspect the instruments on the 11th of June.

Forms may be obtained of Mr. T. G. Dyson, Windsor.

AN agitation, which seems likely to affect one branch of the pianoforte manufacture, is that set on foot by the Piano Varnishers and Polishers' Union of Boston, who are clamouring for eight hours a day. The coming visit of John Burns to America is considered a matter of the greatest importance, and the members of the Union decided to join in the movement to tender the noted agitator a grand reception.

THE following is a description of a Smith American piano, rightly called the "Regal," which is on view in Boston:—

"The piano is a superb upright, its carvings, panels, and fluted columns covered with old gold silk plush, the ornamental front an artistic blending of basket-work of old gold and ivory plush, and the metallic portions richly wrought, and covered throughout with a double plating of pure gold.

"Contrary to the usual rule, the 'back of the instrument, too, visible from its diagonal position, is made so beautiful with an artistic arrangement of plush, net, and silk in old gold and ivory, that it would add to the effectiveness of any portion of the most elegant apartment. This piano, which is worthy an honoured position in the most royal and regal of homes, is fitly named the 'Regal Piano,' for it is 'regal' in the perfection of its mechanism, the elegance of its form, the superb quality of every article employed in its manufacture, from the magnificent plushes of the richest, most costly texture, the most beautiful colours and daintiest combinations, exclusively furnished by Shepard, Norwell, & Co., from whose silk counters also come the beautiful watered silks and soft crêpe de chînes used for the back draperies, to the most intricate parts of the ingenious interior mechanism, and the unrivalled tone they produce—perfect, imprisoned melody, which blends the softest, sweetest vocal tones, the richness of deep organ chords, and the chiming of clearest bells, the deepest harmony of nature without a suggestion of anything earthly; music which musicians and skilled scientists alike have hitherto declared impossible, owing to the vibratory quality of the materials employed in manufacturing, which have thus far given a jarring, metallic sound to even the sweetest melodies. In a moment of inspiration, the inventor, Mr. Henry W. Smith, of the Smith American Piano Company, thinking that if some material less resonant than the hard woods which had before formed the cases of these instruments could be used, determined to try the richest obtainable quality of plush, to be used over lighter though no less durable woods than mahogany, rosewood, cherry, and ebony, thus completely insulating the discordant sounds. The result of this experiment, aided by the improved sounding-board, which was also Mr. Smith's invention, and many other little details, has exceeded even his own expectations, and has aroused the interest and enthusiasm of leading artists and scientists who have examined the instruments from all parts of the land. Only those who have the means to pay for music in its most perfect and beautiful form can afford to purchase these instruments, for, necessarily, they are expensive from their very perfection."

Music in Bristol.

TWO of our chief annual fixtures, viz. Miss Farler's Concert and the Ladies' Night of the Orpheus Glee Society, have taken place here lately, as well as a delightful Chamber Concert, one of Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy's series. There has also been a movement in favour of the resuscitation of the Monday Popular Orchestral Concerts, which we will refer to later on. To begin with Miss Farler's Concert, given at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on the 5th ult. There was no lack of talent, nor of its appreciation, for the room was well filled with a hearty audience. Miss Farler had secured the attraction of Miss MacIntyre, which naturally "drew," for the impression she made at the Festival Society's Concert in the autumn was so favourable that her welcome was assured. She could not, however, do herself justice on this occasion, owing to the effects of a recent attack of the prevailing epidemic, and under the circumstances it could not be expected that she should be at her best; nevertheless, it was disappointing that she was not, especially to those who then listened to her for the first time. The other vocalists were Madame Belle Cole, Mdlle. A. Trebelli, Mr. Charles Wade, and Mr. Maybrick. Madame Belle Cole was particularly successful, and seemed better suited in the Victoria Rooms than in the Colston Hall, where her power is sometimes hardly sufficient. Her sympathetic style won genuine admiration and cordial acknowledgment. Mdlle. Trebelli's pleasing voice was heard to great advantage in A. Thomas's "Tarentella," at the close of which she was twice recalled. Mr. Wade was suffering from a cold, but gained well-merited applause for his artistic rendering of "Good Night, dear love." Mr. Maybrick was as popular as ever, and sang in his usual robust and hearty style. The instrumental pieces were some of the most interesting of the evening, and amongst the most perfectly rendered. The pianist was Signor Albennix, a new-comer to Bristol, and one whom we would gladly hear again; and M. Hollman and his cello are ever a welcome sight to a Bristol audience. The Andante and Finale from Rubinstein's second Sonata for piano and cello opened the concert, and three or four short solos were given during the evening by each player, Signor Albennix choosing one of Schubert's Impromptus and Chopin's "Berceuse" amongst others. Signor Ducci was the efficient accompanist. The only complaint to be made was that so many encores were given, and that thus the programme was far too long. With this reserve, we congratulate Miss Farler on the success of the evening.

Mr. Pomeroy's Concert on the 10th was charming, both as regards programme and performance. The executants were Herr J. Ludwig (violin), Mr. J. Pomeroy (violin), and Miss Charlotte Davies (pianoforte). Herr Ludwig is an established favourite at these gatherings, and was at his best in Grieg's beautiful Sonata in C minor for violin and piano, in which Miss Davies supported him admirably. It was this lady's second appearance in Clifton, and the oftener she comes the better we shall be pleased. She seems to have caught something of the spirit of her great teacher, Madame Schumann, and is pre-eminently a musical player. There is nothing out of the way so far as execution is concerned, but there is that true feeling and evident love for her art, which we sometimes vainly listen for in pianists of more powerful texture and of greater executive attainments. We feel inclined to grudge our sister city of Bath the possession of two musicians who can give us such a treat as we had in the performance of the Grieg Sonata. Very enjoyable, too, was the Gade Trio in F for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; and Schubert's pianoforte Trio in E flat opened the concert and completed the list of concerted items. Miss Davies was also very happily suited in her solos, more especially in Chopin's G flat Impromptu. The programme was varied by three songs, contributed by Miss Marie Curran, who was accompanied by Mr. Fulford. It is a matter for regret that so many attractions should have drawn but a moderate audience.

In speaking of the Orpheus Society's Concert on the 13th ult., we have a very pleasant task, for there was really nothing to criticise and everything to admire. A more perfect performance has certainly never been heard at any previous "Ladies' Night." The shading seemed more delicate than ever, and the balance of the voices more even, the altos as usual distinguishing themselves in a remarkable degree. The choir as a body seem to have gained in clearness of enunciation and refinement during the past year, while they have lost nothing in vigour and breadth. The numbers were as follows:—Altos, 21; 1st tenors, 15; 2nd tenors, 15; 1st basses, 17; 2nd basses, 17; making a total of 85. A few, however, failed to appear from various causes, the influenza epidemic accounting doubtless for some half-dozen absentees. That there must have been hard and systematic "grind" patiently gone through for many previous rehearsals it needs not to be behind the scenes to assert, for had it been otherwise such a result as delighted the ears of the crowded audience in Colston Hall had not been obtained. All honour, then, to the choir and their conductor, both for their arduous preparation and for its triumphant climax.

Several old favourites were included in the programme, as well as some new pieces, one of the latter being Dr. Barrett's "Sunset," which received very skilful treatment. Sir George Elvey's piece, "From yonder rustling mountain," obtained a very honourable reception at the hands of both choir and audience, and was performed in a manner which gave much satisfaction to its distinguished composer, who was present. One of the best efforts of the evening was Martin's "Haste, ye soft gales," and Brahms's "Lullaby" was very beautifully sung. Mr. Harper Kearton rendered valuable service in three tenor solos, "I wish to tune," "Walmisley," "The Complaint," Graner; and "Where'er my footsteps stray," by the conductor of the Society,

Mr. George Riseley, composed for last year's concert. Mr. W. Thomas, of Bristol Cathedral, to whom was entrusted the bass solos in Sir G. Elvey's piece and in Cooke's "Shades of the Heroes" (in which last piece the choir came off grandly), was suffering from a cold, but nevertheless did his work well. We hear with pleasure that Mr. Riseley has promised the Mayor to give a concert before long in aid of the sufferers by the recent sad calamity at Monmouth. The programme stood as follows:—Part I. "Strike the Lyre," Cooke; "Haste, ye soft gales," Martin; "The Death of Hector," Dr. Bexfield; "Lullaby," Brahms; "I wish to tune," Walmisley; "All hail," Martin; "Sunset," Dr. Barrett; "From yonder rustling mountain," Sir G. Elvey; "Stars of the Summer Night," Cruickshank; "Highland War Song," W. Macfarren. Part II. "Ossian's Hymn," Sir J. Goss; "The Complaint," Graner; "Shades of the Heroes," Dr. Cooke; "Where'er my footsteps stray," G. Riseley; "As a Garland," Martin; "The cloud-capp'd Towers," Stevens; "Bold Turpin," Dr. Bridge; "Tars' Song," Hatton.

The stream has certainly set powerfully in the direction of the Orchestral Concerts, and is increasing as it flows, which is of course all as it should be, if only it will last. But at any rate we are promised six concerts this season, to be given fortnightly, the first of which, on the 24th ult., was too late to be noticed in this month's letter. So far, things look promising. There is a large block of reserved seats, all of which are secured for the series, and there is no lack of either subscribers or guarantors, the latter numbering over 500. The amount of the responsibility is limited to a guinea, but even so, the Society will scarcely be bankrupt this year. Again we are fortunate in possessing not only a willing but an eminently capable conductor in Mr. George Riseley, who, moreover, kindly offers his services gratuitously for the present. There is a new element in connection with the Society in the shape of a Ladies' Committee, which has done good service in securing guarantors for the concerts. The first part of the programme is to be classical, and the second popular, but not therefore flimsy or worthless in character, and there is to be a high-class vocalist at each gathering. During the next few months we hope to report that the movement is steadily gaining strength, and that the meetings are likely to be established upon a secure footing.

Leicester Musical Notes.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

February 1st.—Mr. John F. Clarke and Mr. Henry Nicholson have concluded arrangements with Mr. Harrison, Birmingham, for Madame Adelina Patti and concert party to appear at the Floral Hall, Leicester, on November 5th next.

February 1st.—"The Creation" was given at Fleckney by the Musical Society, consisting of band and chorus numbering 150 performers. The soloists were—Madame Russell, soprano; Messrs. F. Badcock and C. Morrall, tenors; and Mr. S. Powarill, basso. Mr. J. B. Day, hon. conductor.

February 3rd.—The Kyrie Society's concert consisted of selections from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. The fairy song and chorus, "Queen Titania's Lullaby," was accurately rendered by the Society. The solos were well sung by Mrs. R. Harvey and Miss A. Stanyon. The celebrated "Wedding March" and the "Dance of the Clowns," as pianoforte solos were played in an artistic manner by Miss Ethel Plant.

February 6th.—At the Temperance Hall, Herr Richter gave a most enjoyable and highly artistic pianoforte recital. The following excellent programme was carried out in a masterly manner by the gifted performer:—Tocatta and Fugue, D minor (Bach-Tansig); Fifteen Variations with Fugue, E flat major, Op. 35 (Beethoven); Rondo Capriccioso, E minor (Beethoven); three musical sketches—(a) The Lake; (b) The Millstream; (c) The Fountain (Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett); Ballade, A flat major, Op. 47 (Chopin); Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude, No. 3, F sharp major (F. Liszt); Rhapsodie No. 2, C sharp major (F. Liszt), concluding a classical performance of no mean order. The audience was far more select than numerous.

February 8th.—At the Temperance Hall a contest took place between musical amateurs, the event creating considerable interest. Mr. J. Addison Adcock, the sole promoter, is to be heartily congratulated on the complete success of the venture. Over £30 were distributed in prizes. Mr. W. Stanyon occupied the chair, Mr. F. Marshall Ward, adjudicator. The awards:—Instrumental contest, afternoon at 3.30, 19 entries—Violins (juniors)—1st, "Home, sweet Home," Master J. C. Muston; 2nd, "Last Rose of Summer," Master D. Spence. Violins (seniors)—1st, "The Last Rose of Summer," Miss J. A. Grant; 2nd, selections, "Bohemian Girl," Mr. A. Kitchen. Pianoforte (juniors)—1st, "Allegro Vivace," Sonata 16 (Beethoven), Miss B. Foster; 2nd, "Rondo Burlesco" (Kuhlman), Miss B. Hewitt. Pianoforte (seniors)—1st, "Harpe Celeste" (B. Smith), Miss M. Mason; and, "Sonata Pathétique" (Beethoven), Miss D. Sharpe (1st prize one guinea, 2nd prize half guinea, and certificate of merit in both events, and the same for the vocal competition). Vocal contest, 7.30, 24 entries—Tenors—1st, "Come into the garden, Maud," Mr. E. J. Colledge; 2nd, "Ye People" and "If with all your hearts" (Elijah), Mr. W. G. Moss. Sopranos—1st, "The Children's Home" (Cowan), Miss Clayton; 2nd, "Angels ever Bright and Fair" (Handel),

Master F. Bastick, aged eleven. Contraltos—1st, "Ora Pro Nobis," Miss L. Spencer; 2nd, "Love's old Sweet Song," Miss A. Countee. Basses—1st, "Why do the Nations" (Handel), Mr. A. G. Colledge; 2nd, "The Wolf," Mr. J. H. Green. A prize medal was awarded to Miss Hepworth as the best accompanist. Master F. Bastick gained the public vote and extra prize as the best performer. The attendance in the afternoon was rather thin, but during the evening the hall was crowded to overflowing.

Mr. J. HERBERT MARSHALL announces for Thursday, March 6, at the Temperance Hall, a grand Festival performance of "Elijah" by the Philharmonic Society band and chorus, numbering over 300 performers—hon. conductor, Mr. H. B. Ellis, F.C.O. The vocalists engaged are Miss Anna Williams, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO MR. H. B. ELLIS, F.C.O.

THE friends of Mr. H. B. Ellis and the musical public will be interested in learning that an effort is being made to recognise, in some substantial manner, the great services which Mr. Ellis has rendered as honorary conductor of the three most important musical societies in Leicester. It is not generally known that in the largest portion of this musical work he has been and is giving his valuable services gratuitously. As honorary conductor of the Philharmonic Society for over four years, Mr. Ellis's success has been most marked and gratifying, gaining flattering notices of the press and hearty plaudits of his numerous admirers. The most successful productions of the Society, under Mr. Ellis, include Berlioz's "Faust" (twice), Sullivan's "Golden Legend" (twice), Stanford's "Reverence," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "Hymn of Praise," Dvorak's "Spectre Bride," Handel's "Messiah" (three times), and "Judas Macabeus." Mr. Ellis is also the conductor of the Amateur Vocal Society, in which capacity he has acted for fourteen years with the utmost credit to himself and its members; and for the Orchestral Union he has waded the bilton for over eleven years. A powerful committee has been formed to carry out the proposed testimonial. The joint secretaries are Messrs. H. S. Bennet, The Limes, Princess Road, and F. W. Islip, 14 Mecklenburg St., Leicester.

B. SAMUEL.

Prize Competition.

—:o:—

THE Competition for the Prize of One Guinea for the best Ballad Concert Programme was taken up with considerable spirit. Over 300 different songs and pianoforte solos were named, from which it appears that the opinion of the majority as to the best Concert Programme is as follows:—

PART I.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Part-Song, | "Good Night, Beloved." |
| 2. Song, | "Lost Chord." |
| 3. " " | "Better Land." |
| 4. " " | "Come into the Garden, Maud." |
| 5. " " | "Love's Sweet Song." |
| 6. " " | "Home, Sweet Home." |
| 7. Pianoforte Solo, | "Moonlight Sonata." |
| 8. Song, | "Father O'Flynn." |
| 9. " " | "Sally in our Alley." |
| 10. " " | "They all love Jack." |
| 11. " " | "The Village Blacksmith." |
| 12. " " | "The Message." |
| 13. Part-Song, | "Sweet and Low." |

PART II.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 14. Part-Song, | "O Hush thee, my Baby." |
| 15. Song, | "I Fear no Fox." |
| 16. " " | "Last Rose of Summer." |
| 17. " " | "The Little Hero." |
| 18. " " | "The Death of Nelson." |
| 19. " " | "The Last Watch." |
| 20. Pianoforte Solo, | "Rondo Capriccioso." |
| 21. Song, | "Robin Adair." |
| 22. " " | "Love's Golden Dream." |
| 23. " " | "When other Lips." |
| 24. " " | "Caller Herrin." |
| 25. " " | "True till Death." |
| 26. Part-Song, | "The Vikings." |

No competitor obtained the full number of marks, the nearest, however, was Mr. F. W. Borrey, 44 Regent Street, Derby, to whom the prize of one guinea has been awarded.

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Bernhard Havenshagen

Magazine of Music Supplement, March 1890.

THE ENQUIRER, IMPATIENCE

by

Schubert

Andante

(THE RIVULET)

by

Mendelssohn.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTINS HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

THE ENQUIRER.

SCHUBERT.

Lento.

VOICE. I ask no flow'r the ques-tion, No

PIANO. *p* *pp*

star invoke to show, For neither can e-ver tell me, What I should like to know. I am no rea-dy

gard'ner, The stars are all too high: My brooklet, tell me, can I Up - on my heart re -

Molto lento.

ly? O brook - let, my be - lov - ed Thou ne'er wast dumb be -

fore, I seek to know but one thing, One brief word o'er and o'er, One



brief word o'er and o'er. "Yes" is one speedy answer, The o-ther it is "No." Each

lit-tle word containing My fate on earth be - low. Each lit-tle word containing My fate on earth be -

cresc. *p* *cresc.* *p*

low. O brook - let, my be - lov - ed, How strange thou seem'st to

pp

be, I ne'er will tell thy se - cret, Say that she loves but me, Say

that she loves but me.

IMPATIENCE.

SCHUBERT.

Allegro assai.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. I'd cut it deep on all the trees that grow, Deep
 2. Some star - ling young and do - cile I would teach With
 3. The breeze of morn my ar - dent tale should bear, And
 4. Tho' all too plain my eyes of love must tell, My

grave it on each stone wher - e'er I go, I'd sow it thick - ly in each
 anx - ious care to im - i - tate my speech, Till ev' - ry burn - ing word he
 e - choes from the hills its pow'r de - clare In ev' - ry vern - al bud its
 glow - ing cheek re - veal the truth too well, My lips tho' si - lent, speak the

gar - den bed, With seeds of cress that ear - ly lifts its head, Yes,
 might im - part, Like those a - wak - en'd in my con - stant heart, Be -
 truth be seen, And ze - phyr waft it thro' the bran - ches green, While
 treas - ur'd name, And ev' - ry ten - der sigh the spell pro-claim, A -

write in words that time can al - ter nev - er.)
 side thy cot he'd sing, as sings thy lov - er.) Thine is my heart,
 wave - lets mur - mur on the glid - ing riv - er.)
 last! the love - ly maid hath mark'd it nev - er.)

Thine is my heart, Yes thine a - lone, a - - lone for

ev - - - er! - er!

1. 2. 3. 4.

1. 2. 3. 4. *f*

ANDANTE.

COMMONLY CALLED: "THE RIVULET."

MENDELSSOHN.
(Composed 1829.)

Andante. (♩ = 160.)

p

dolce

espress.

espress.

pp

f

cresc.

cantabile

pp

cresc.

cresc.

ff

pp

sempre

This image shows a page of musical notation for a piano piece, likely a sonata or concerto. The notation is arranged in systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The piece is characterized by intricate fingerings, often indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes, and various dynamic markings such as *dim.* (diminuendo), *pp* (pianissimo), *espress.* (espressivo), *poco cresc.* (poco crescendo), and *dolee* (dolce). The notation includes many slurs, ties, and accidentals, suggesting a technically demanding work. The page is numbered '6' in the bottom left corner.

mf *sempre con fuoco* *p*

cresc. *ff*

sf *pp*

pp

dim.

pp *poco ritard.* *pp*

